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APPROVED
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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

ALAS,
POOR
SPIDER-MAN--

--I KILLED
HIM WELL!

EDIK
LAFSD
Emberlin '91



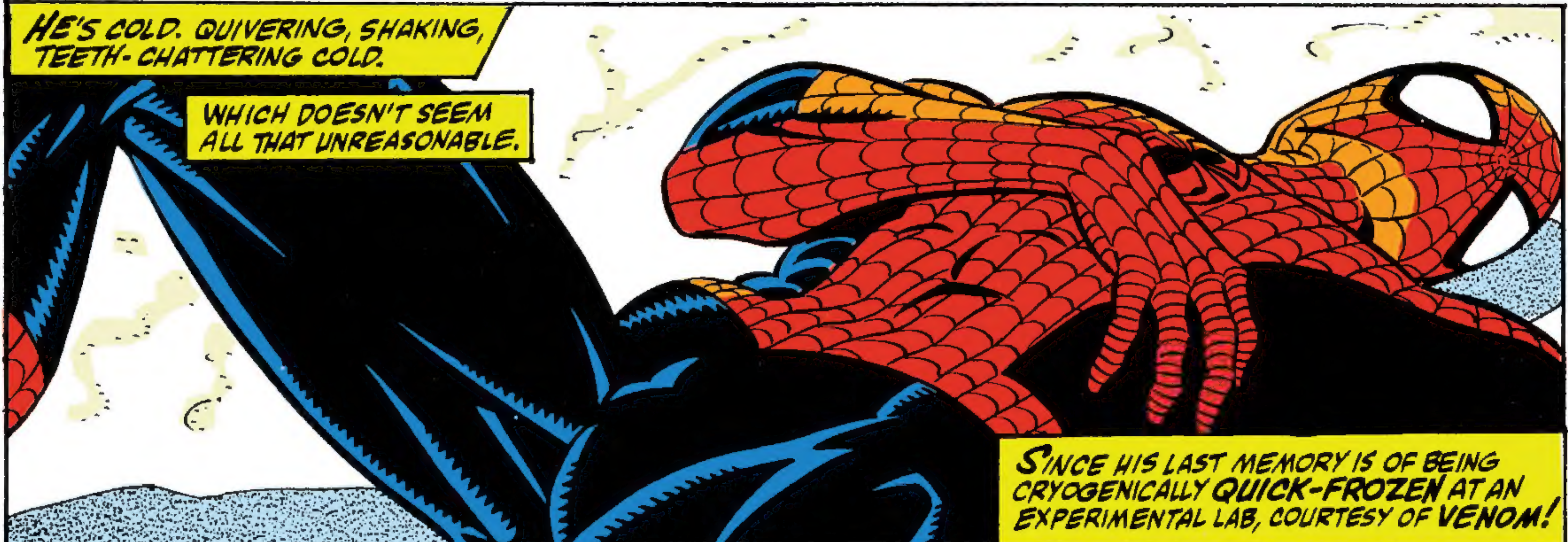
BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER, STUDENT PETER PARKER GAINED THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF AN ARACHNID! ARMED WITH HIS WONDROUS WEB-SHOOTERS, THE RELUCTANT SUPER HERO STRUGGLES WITH SINISTER SUPER-VILLAINS, MAKING ENDS MEET, AND MAINTAINING SOME SEMBLANCE OF A NORMAL LIFE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®**

HE'S COLD. QUIVERING, SHAKING, TEETH-CHATTERING COLD.

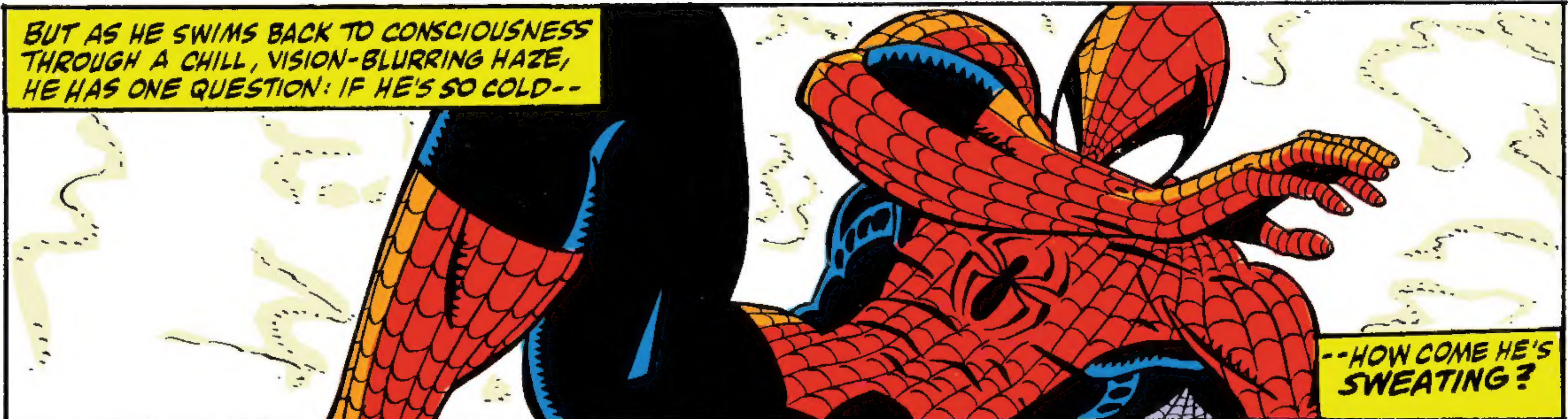
WHICH DOESN'T SEEM ALL THAT UNREASONABLE.

SINCE HIS LAST MEMORY IS OF BEING CRYOGENICALLY QUICK-FROZEN AT AN EXPERIMENTAL LAB, COURTESY OF VENOM!

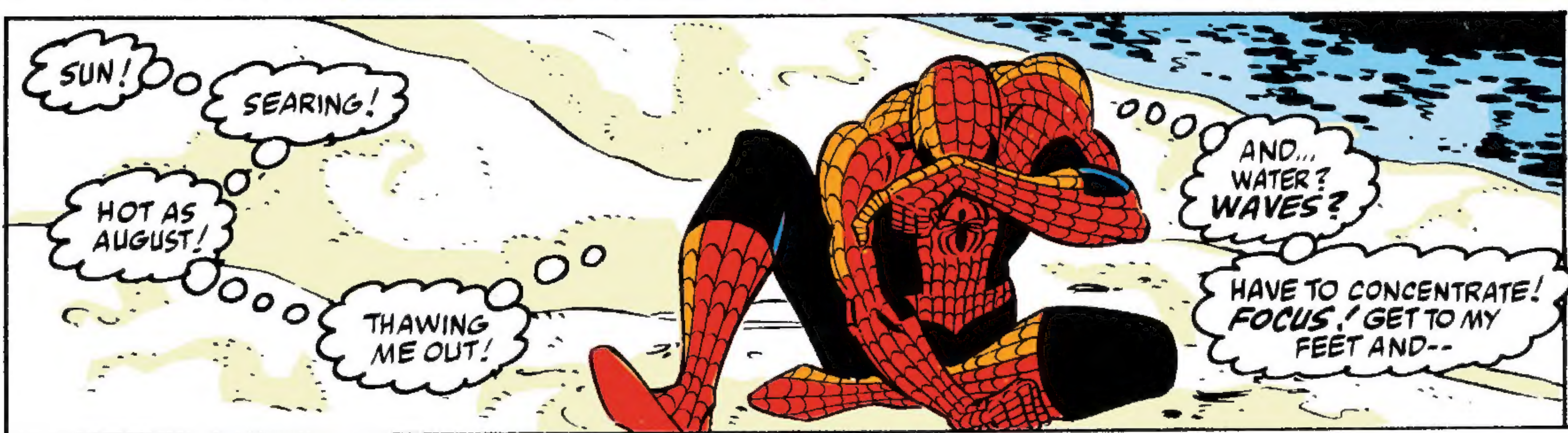


BUT AS HE SWIMS BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH A CHILL, VISION-BLURRING HAZE, HE HAS ONE QUESTION: IF HE'S SO COLD--

--HOW COME HE'S SWEATING?



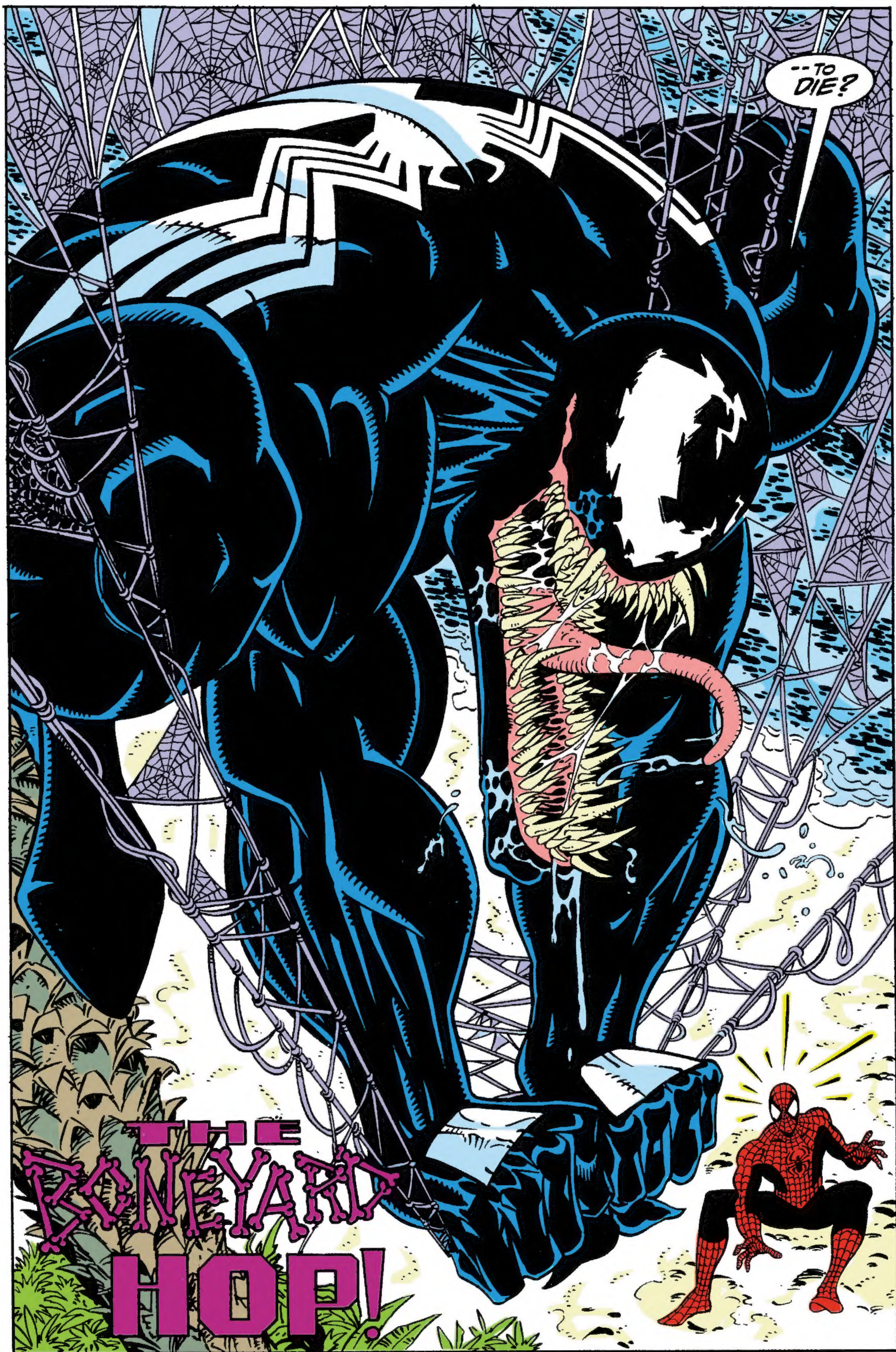
SUN! SEARING! HOT AS AUGUST! THAWING ME OUT! AND... WATER? WAVES? HAVE TO CONCENTRATE! FOCUS! GET TO MY FEET AND--



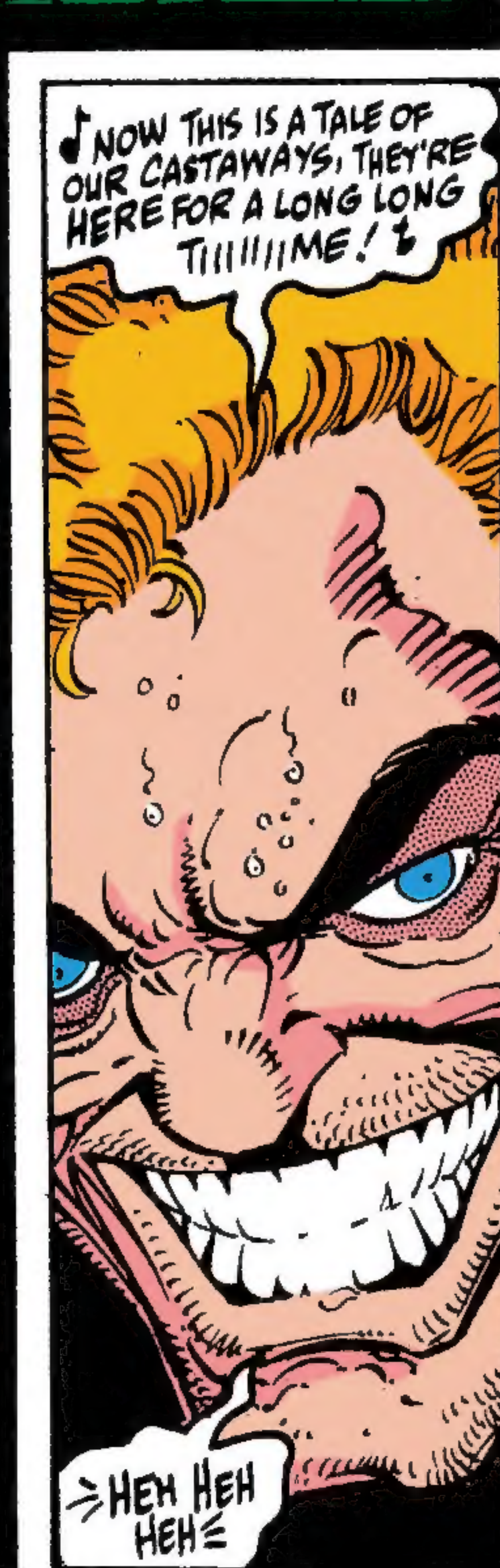
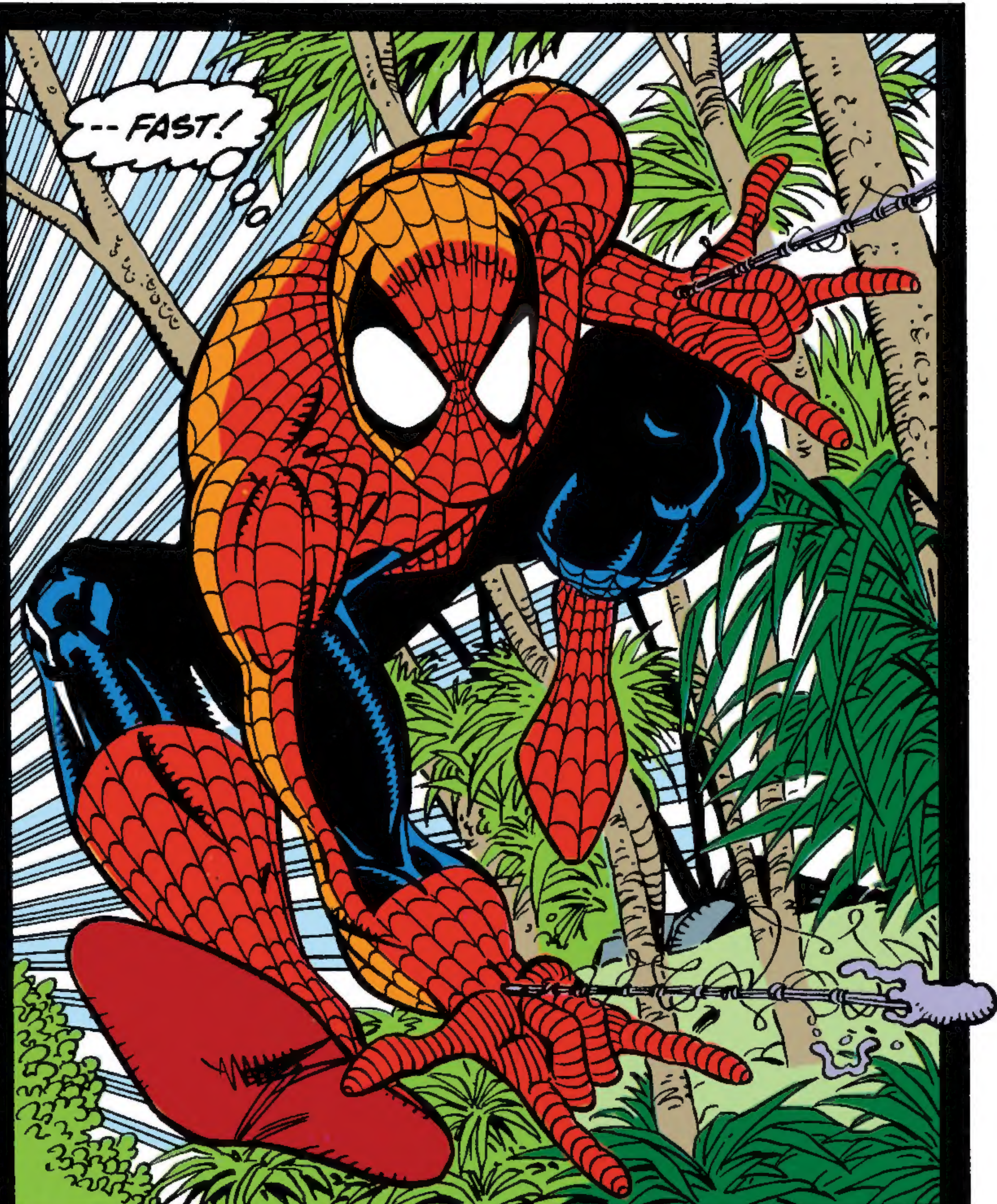
--SAND! A BEACH?! THIS CAN'T BE YONKERS! WHERE THE BLAZES AM I?! WHY, YOU'RE IN PARADISE, SPIDER-MAN! CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER PLACE--

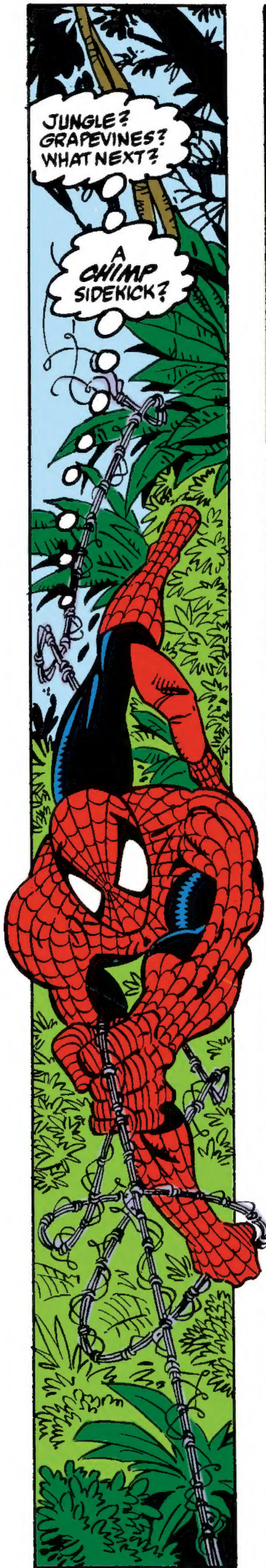


DAVID MICHELINIE WRITER ERIK LARSEN PENCILER RANDY EMBERLIN INKER PARKER & COMPANY LETTERERS BOB SHAREN COLORIST DANNY FINGEROTH EDITOR TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF



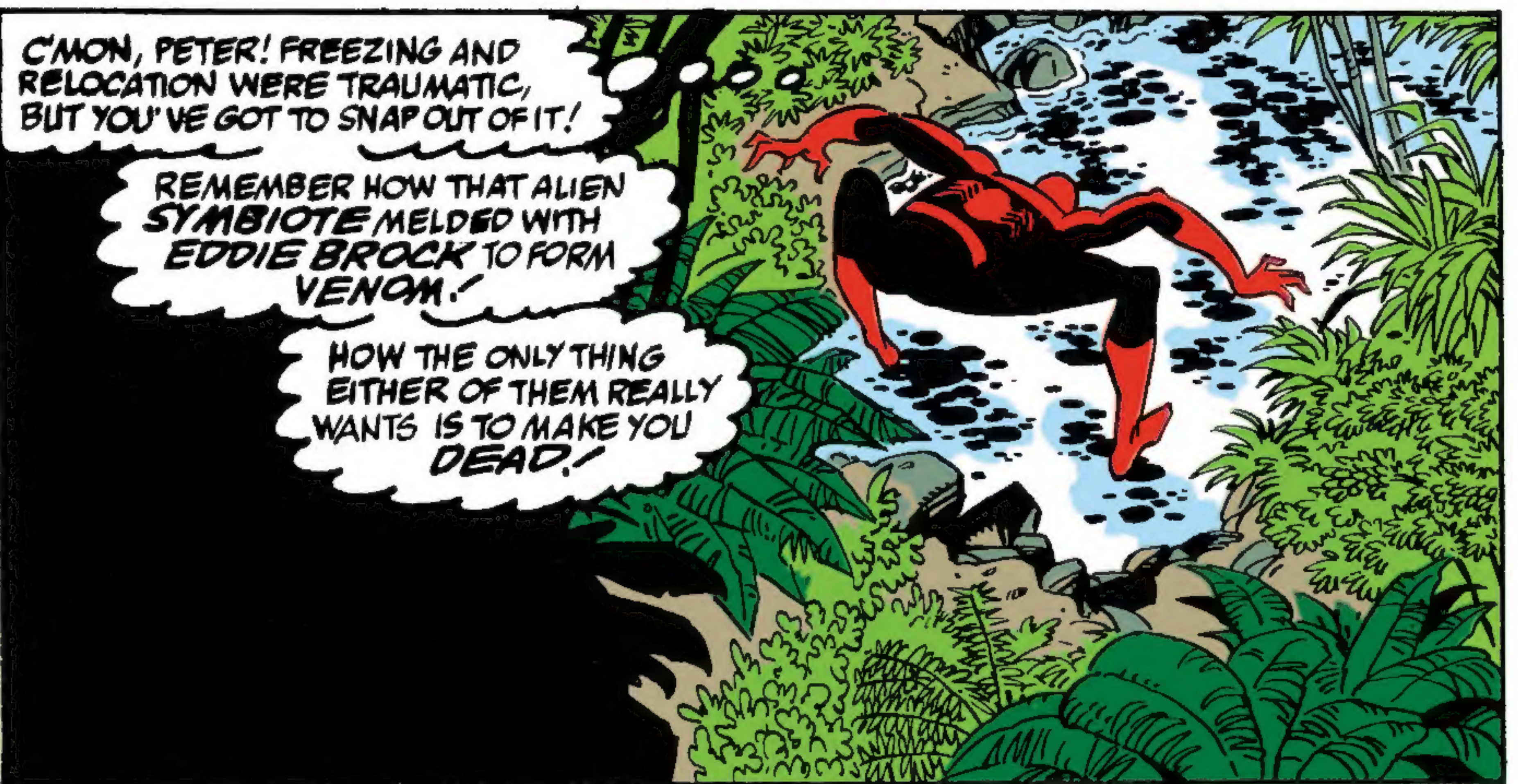






JUNGLE?
GRAPEVINES?
WHAT NEXT?

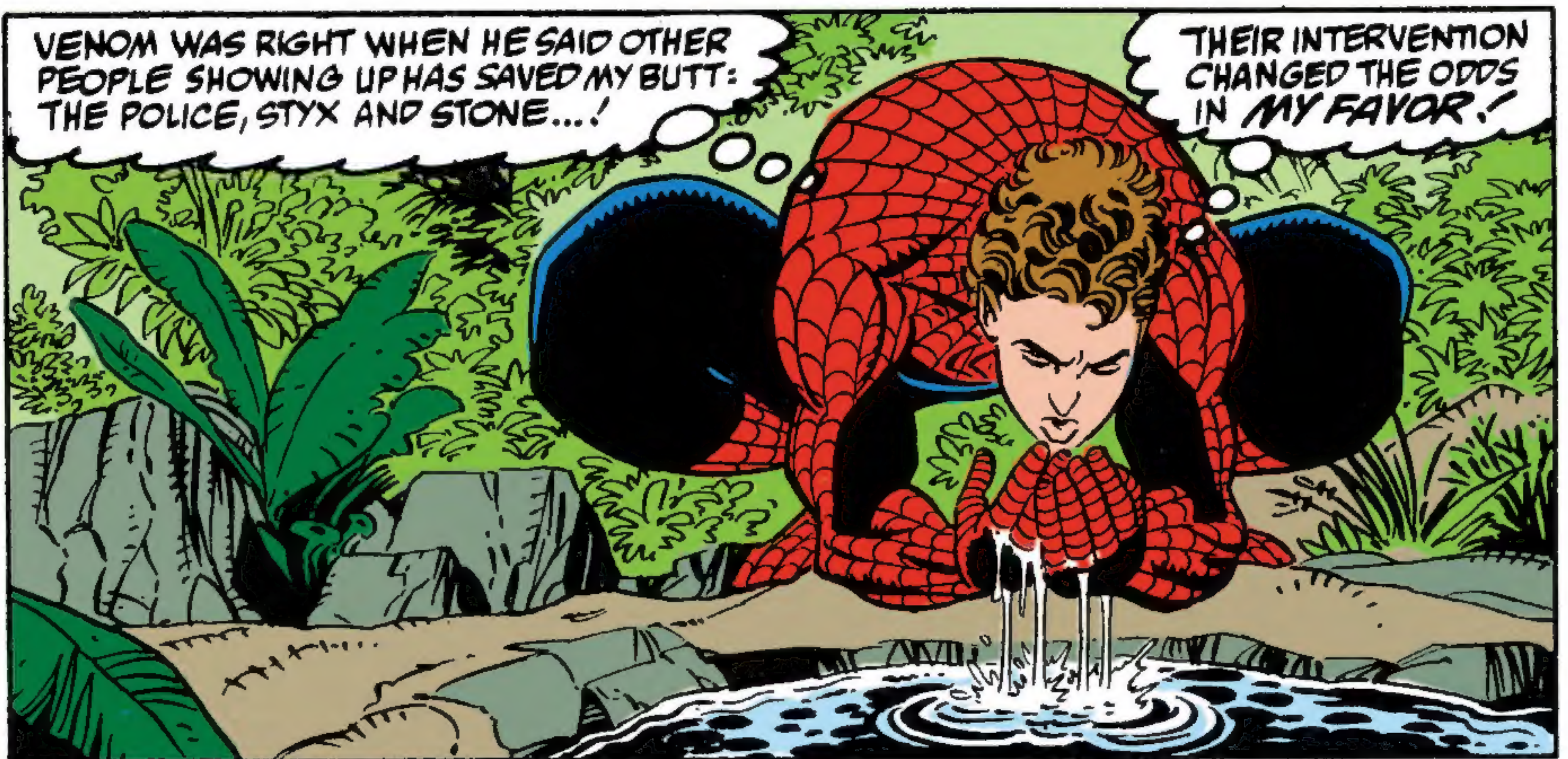
A
CHIMP
SIDEKICK?



C'MON, PETER! FREEZING AND
RELOCATION WERE TRAUMATIC,
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT!

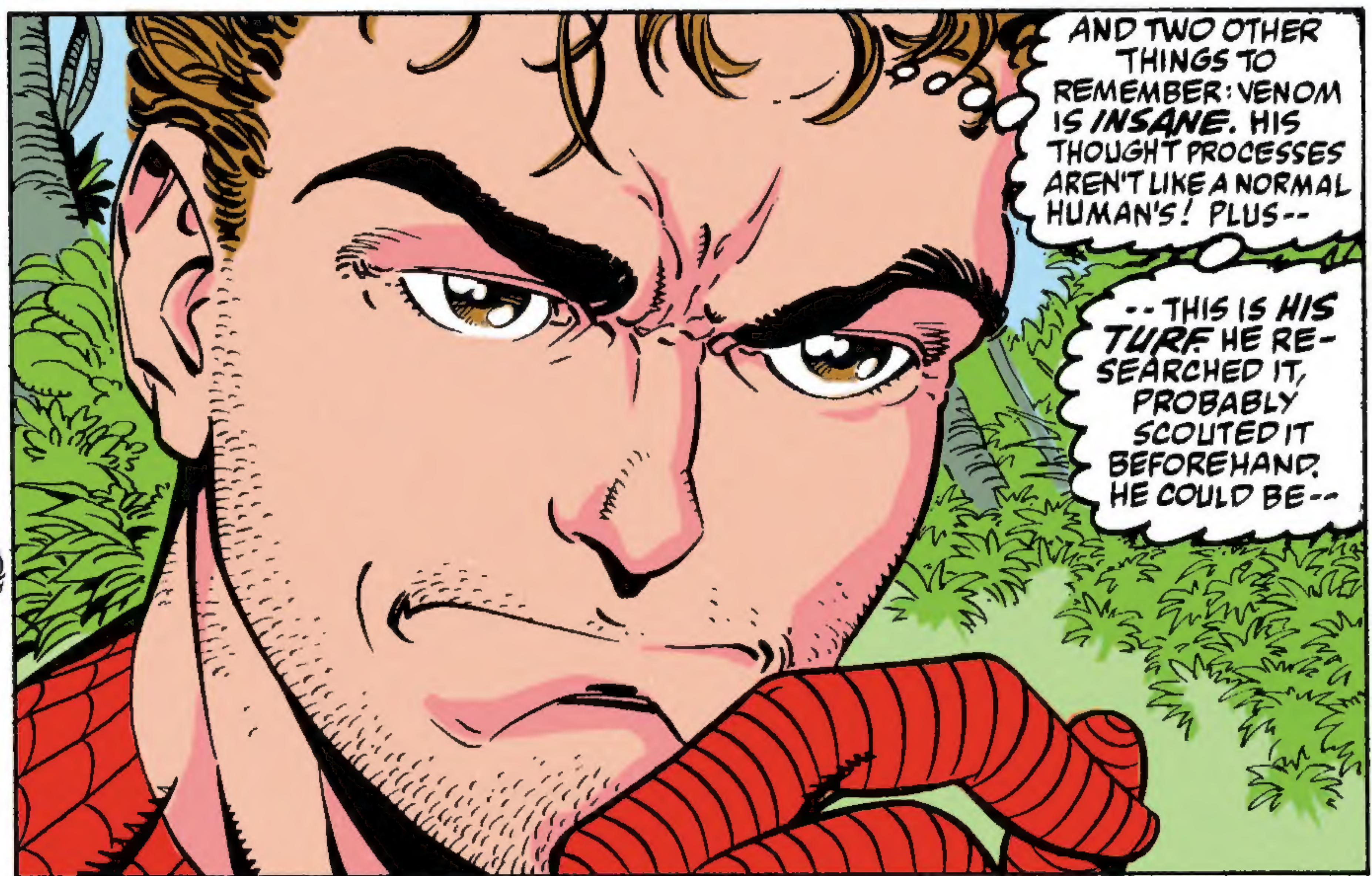
REMEMBER HOW THAT ALIEN
SYMBIOTE MELDED WITH
EDDIE BROCK TO FORM
VENOM!

HOW THE ONLY THING
EITHER OF THEM REALLY
WANTS IS TO MAKE YOU
DEAD!



VENOM WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID OTHER
PEOPLE SHOWING UP HAS SAVED MY BUTT:
THE POLICE, STYX AND STONE...!

THEIR INTERVENTION
CHANGED THE ODDS
IN MY FAVOR!

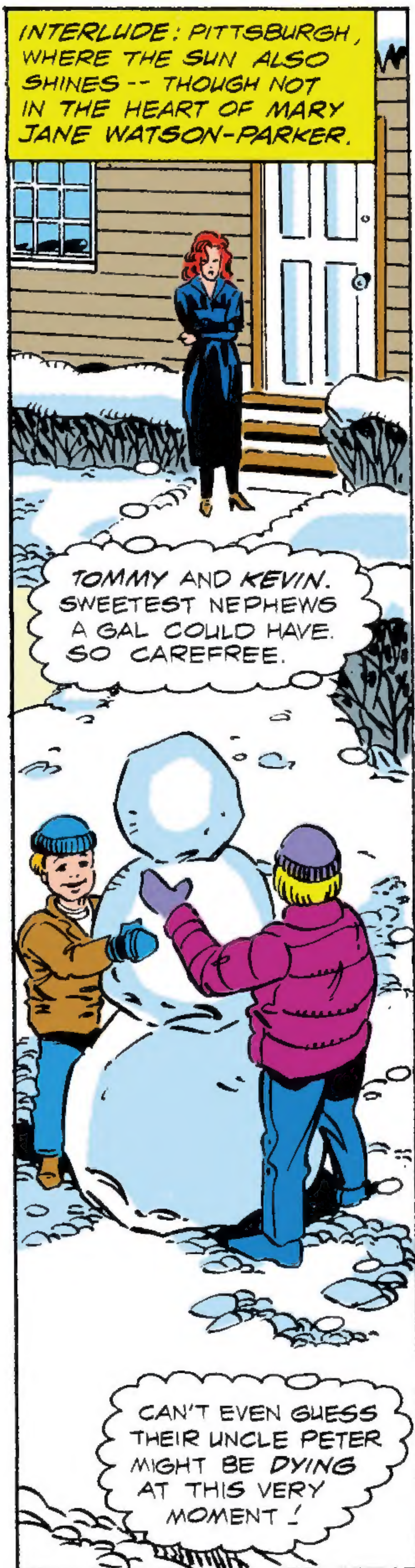


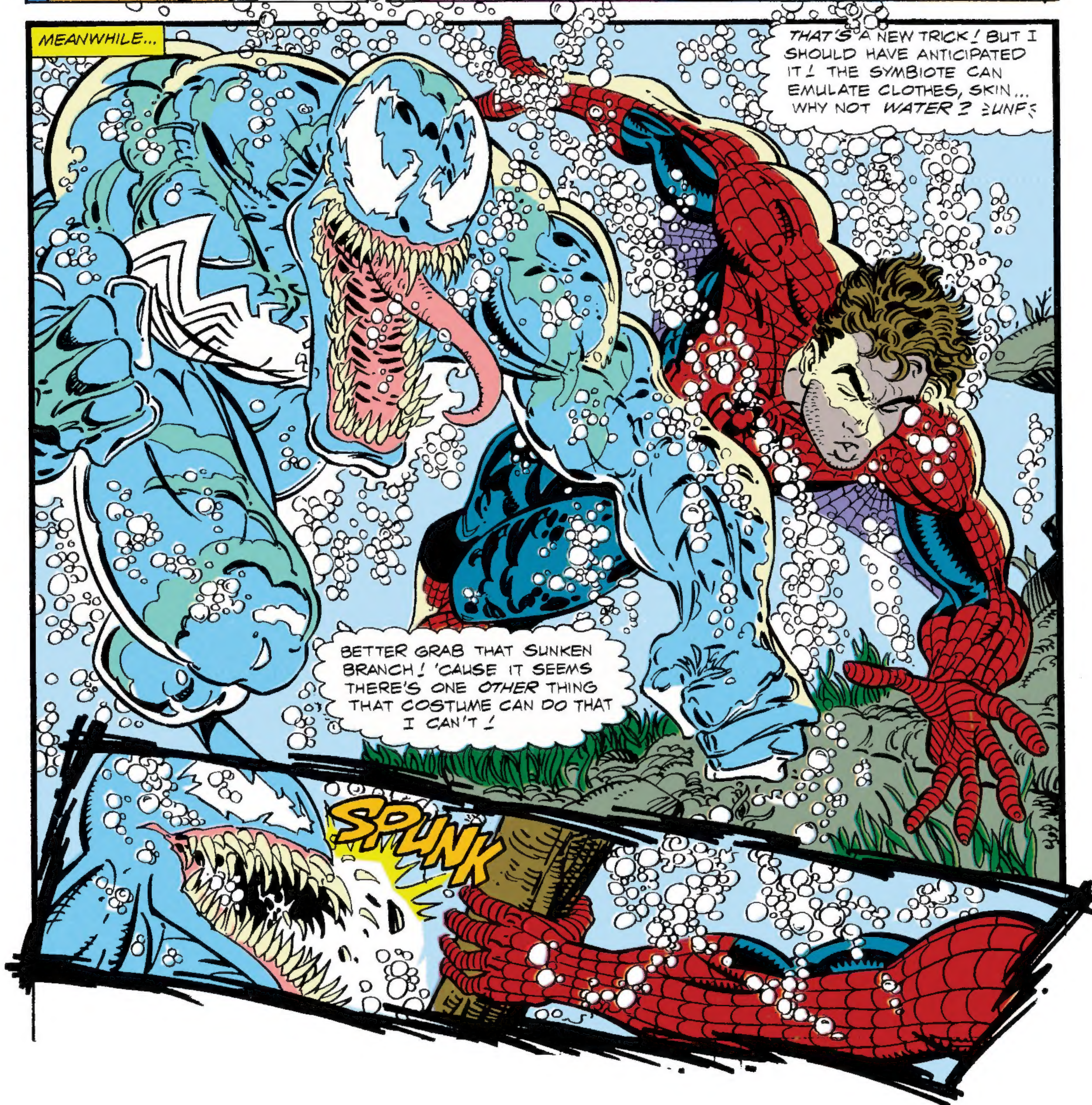
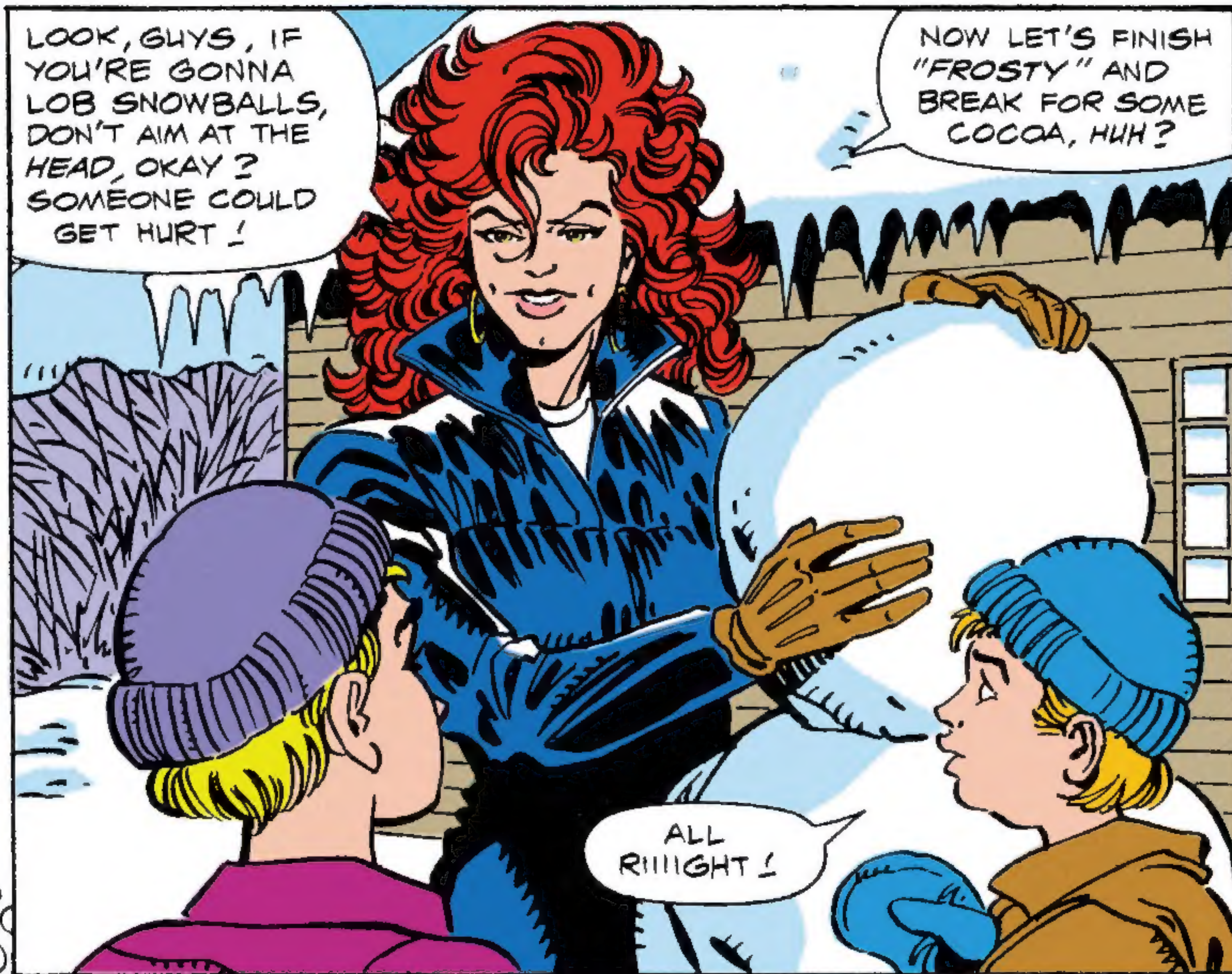
AND TWO OTHER
THINGS TO
REMEMBER: VENOM
IS *INSANE*. HIS
THOUGHT PROCESSES
AREN'T LIKE A NORMAL
HUMAN'S! PLUS--

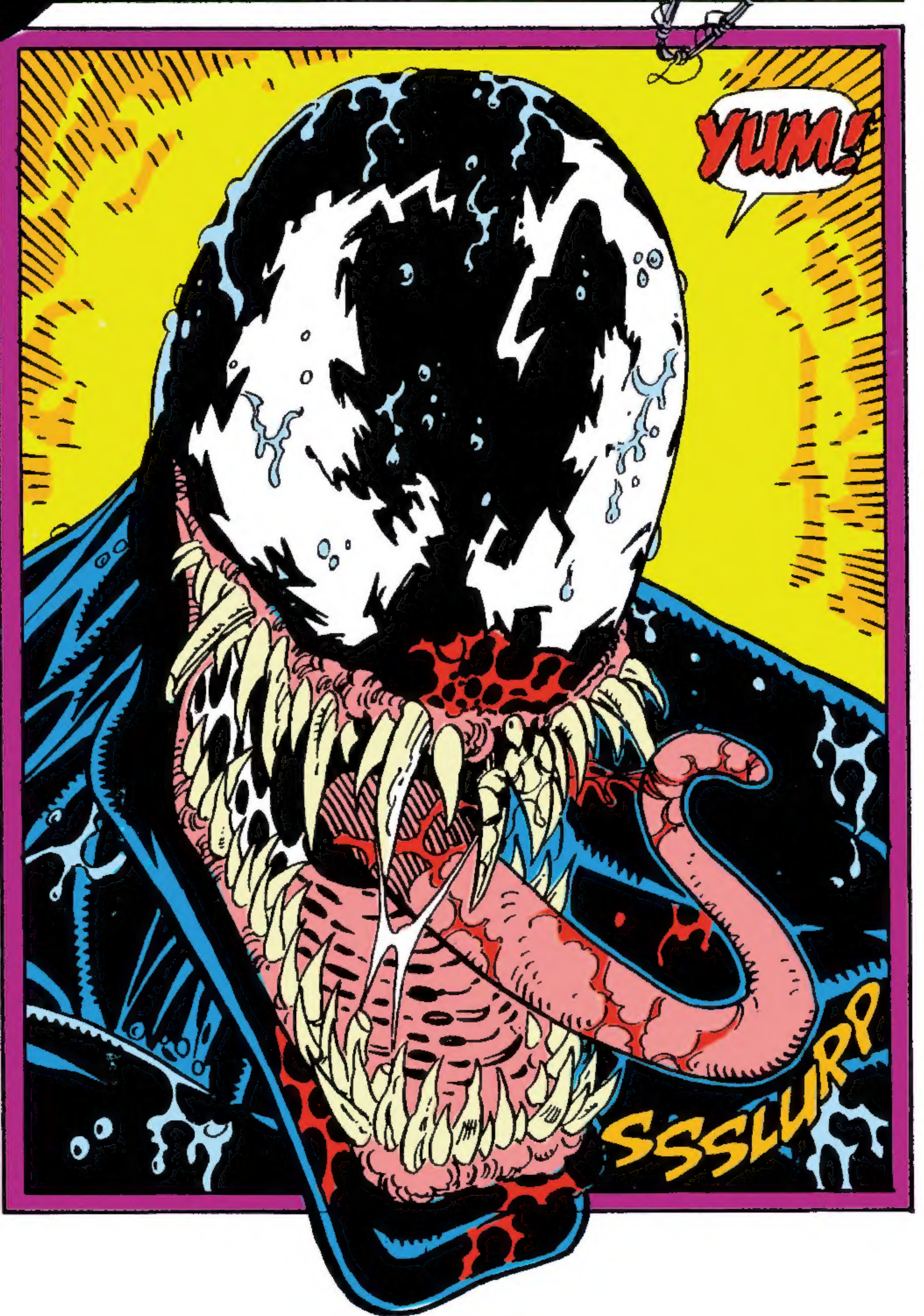
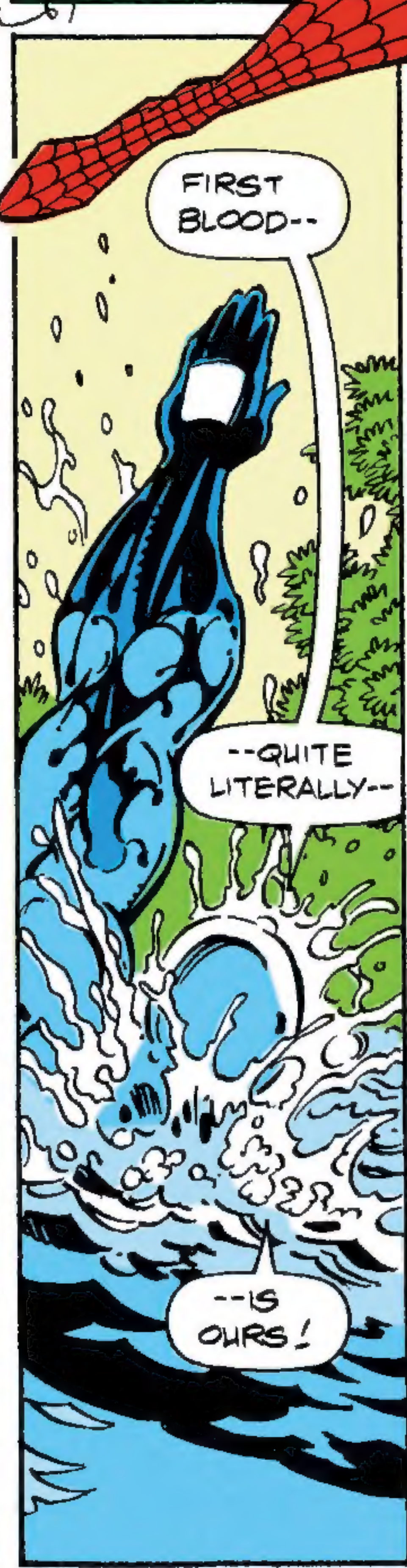
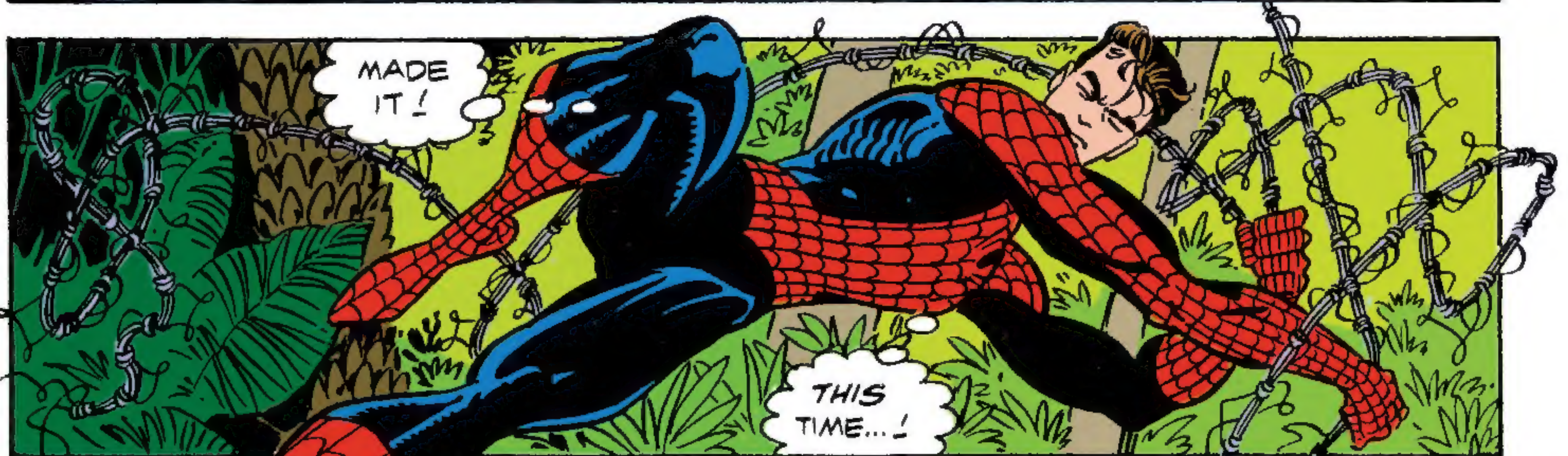
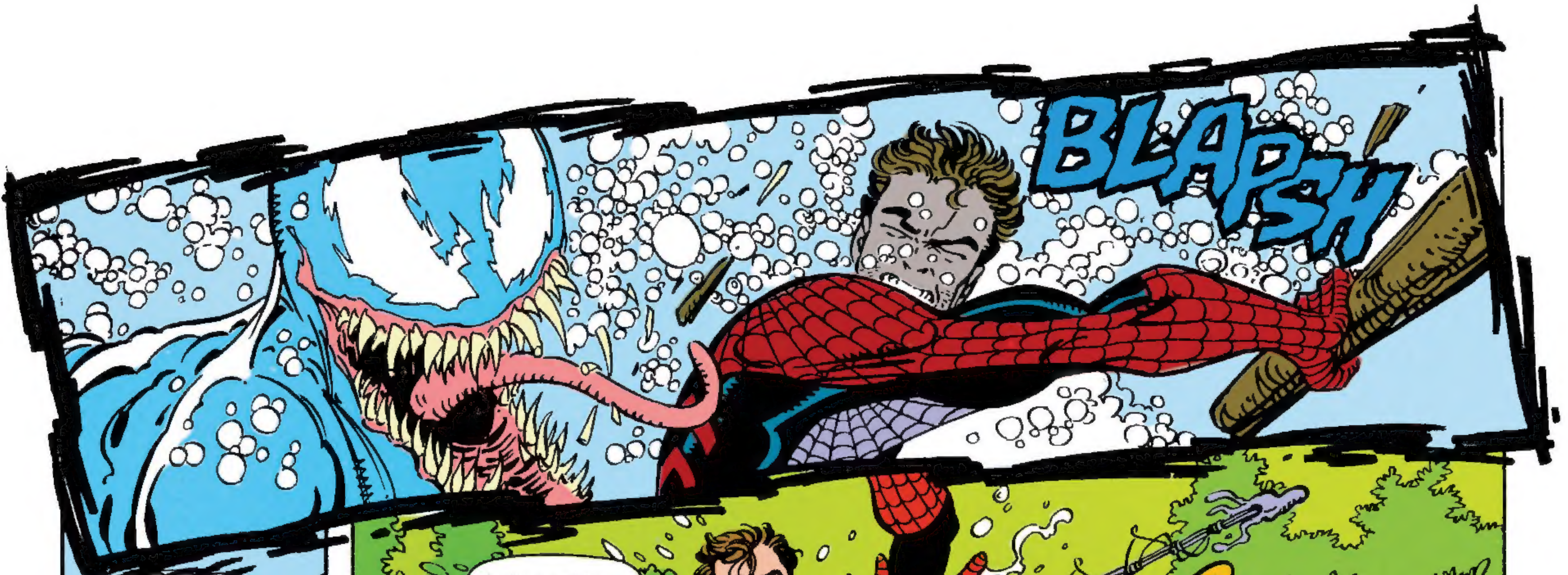
-- THIS IS HIS
TURF HE RE-
SEARCHED IT,
PROBABLY
SCOUTED IT
BEFOREHAND.
HE COULD BE--

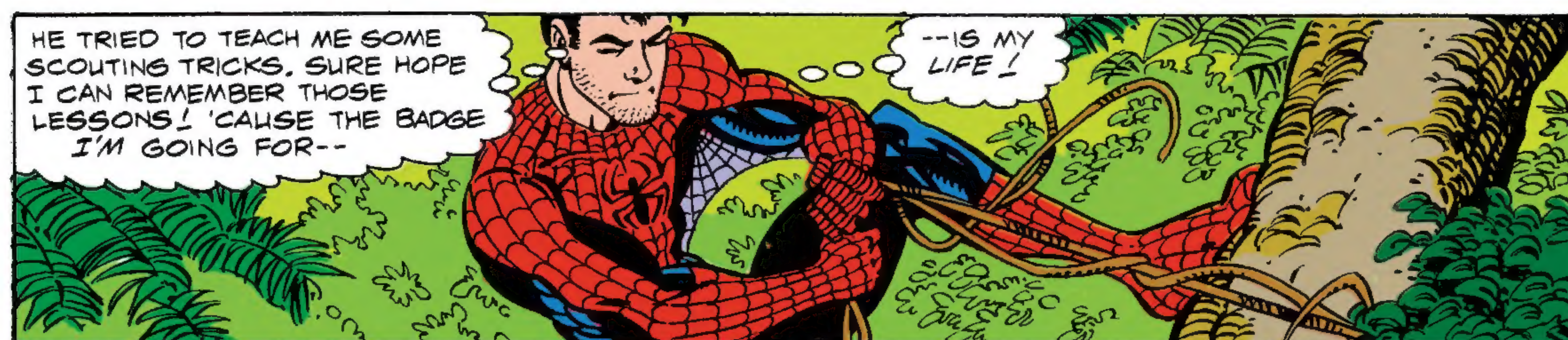
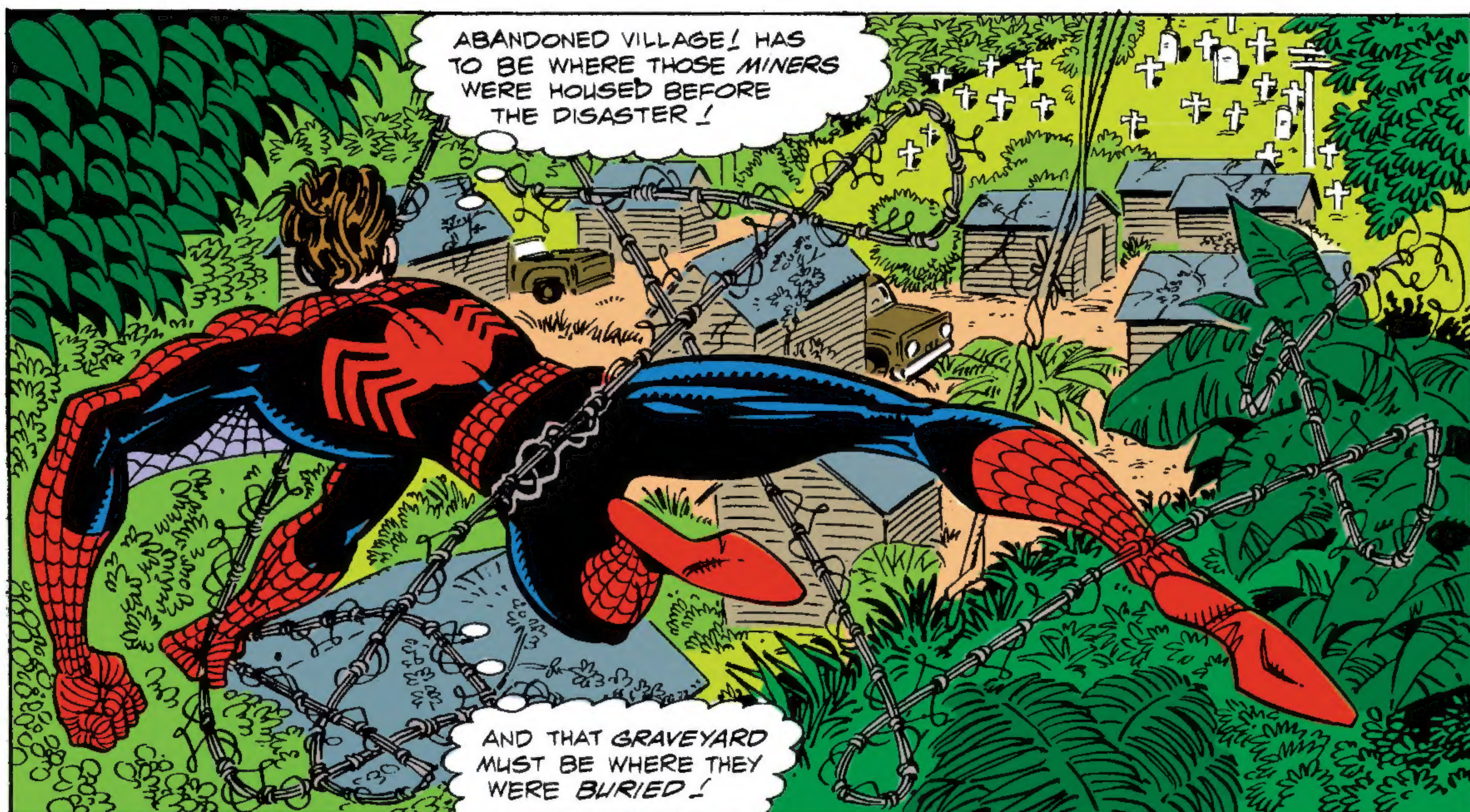


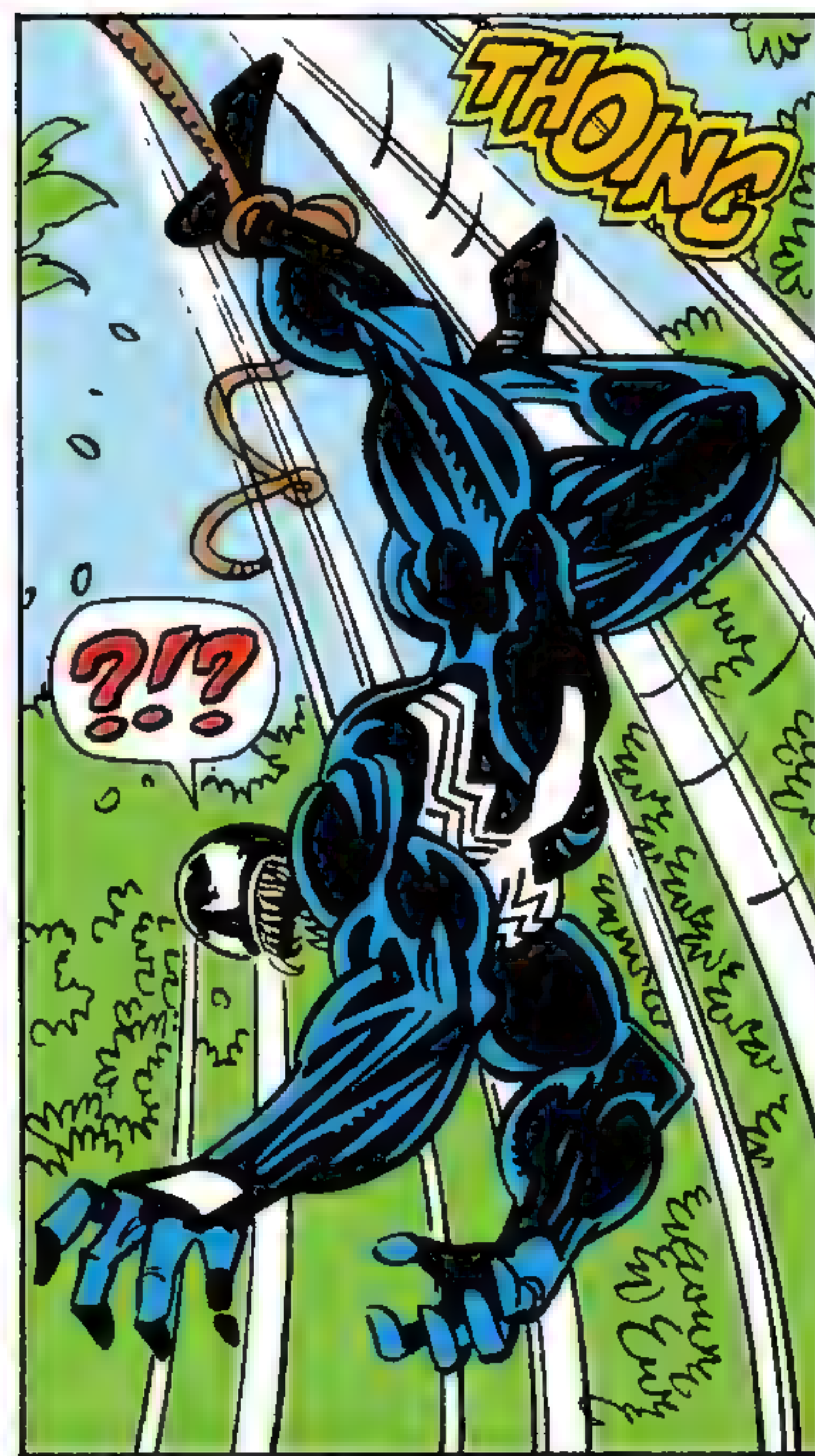
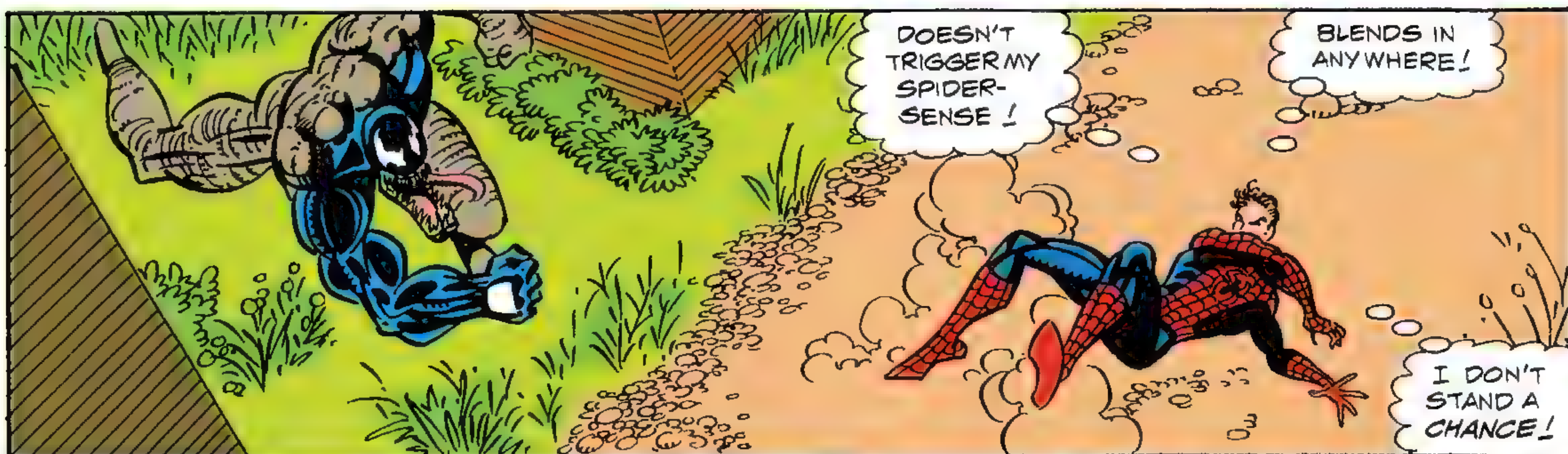
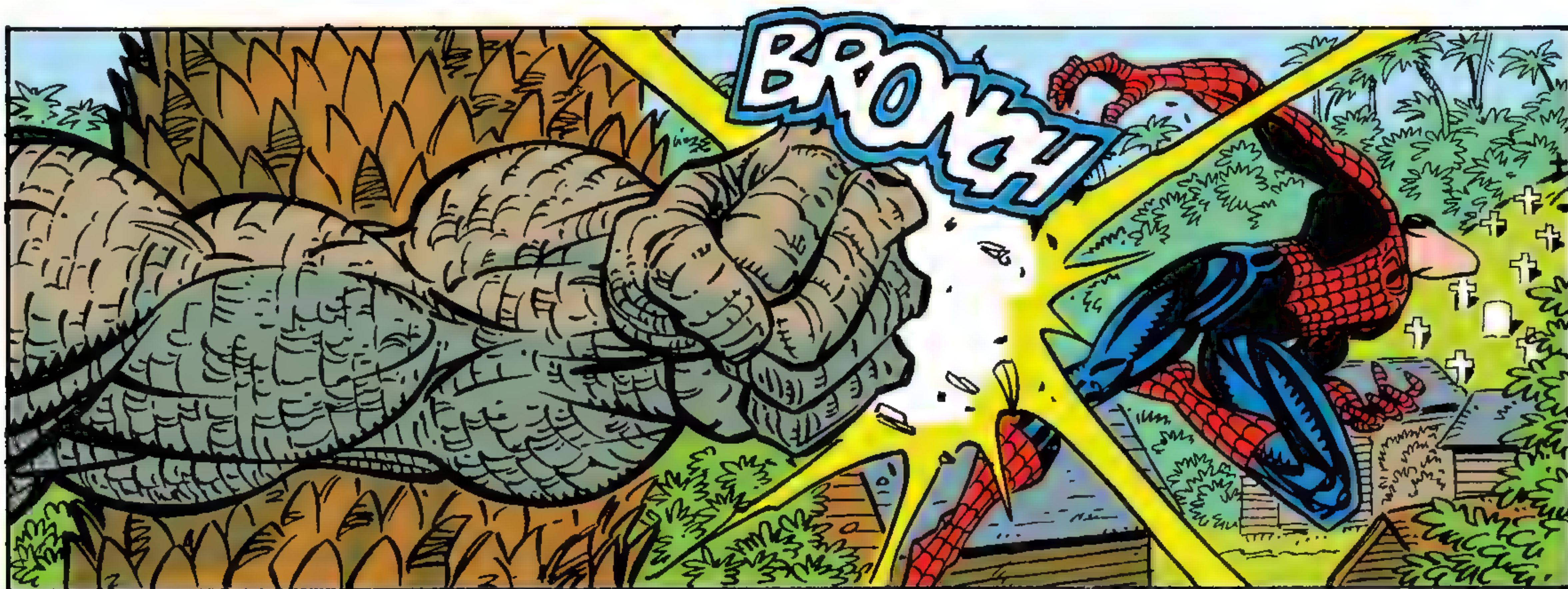
-- ANYWHERE?

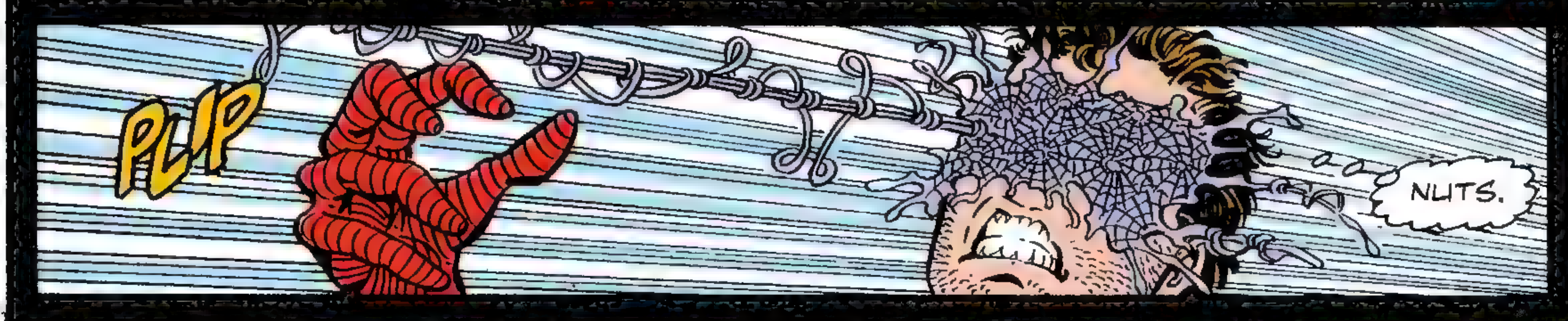
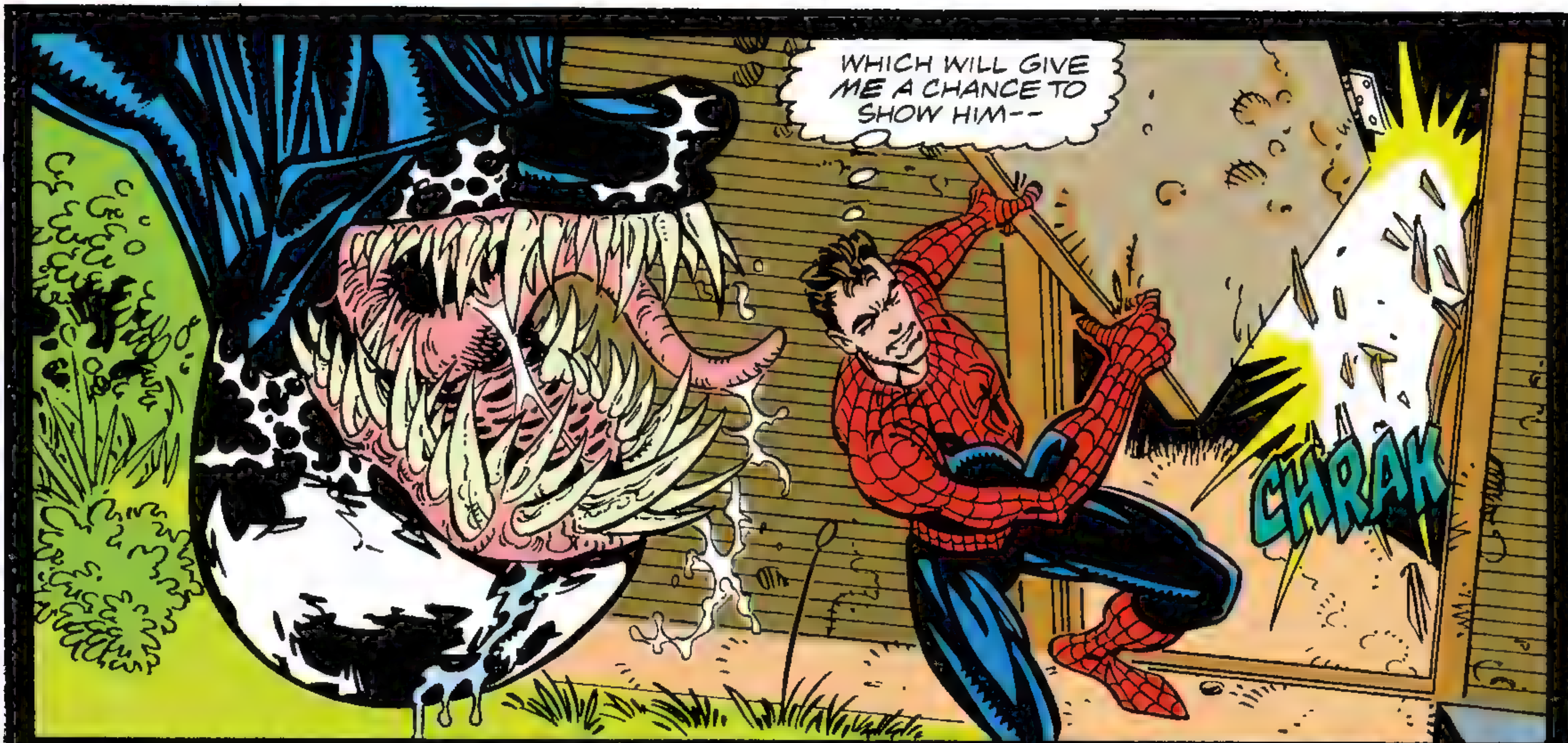


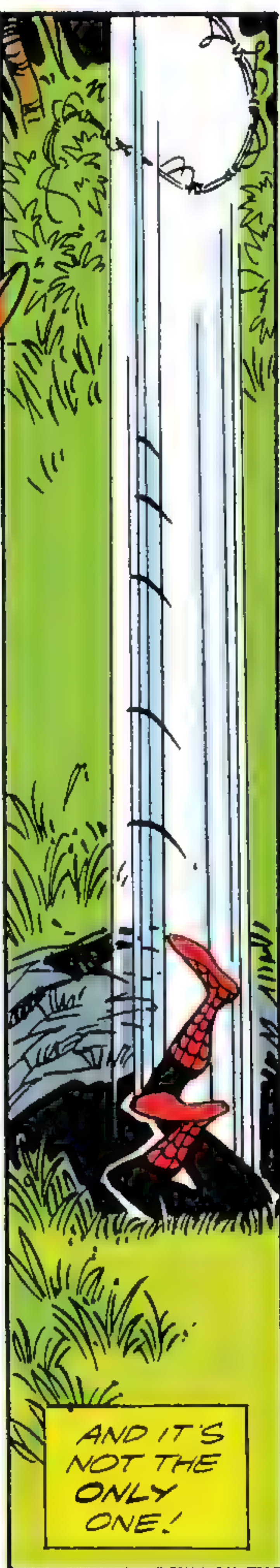
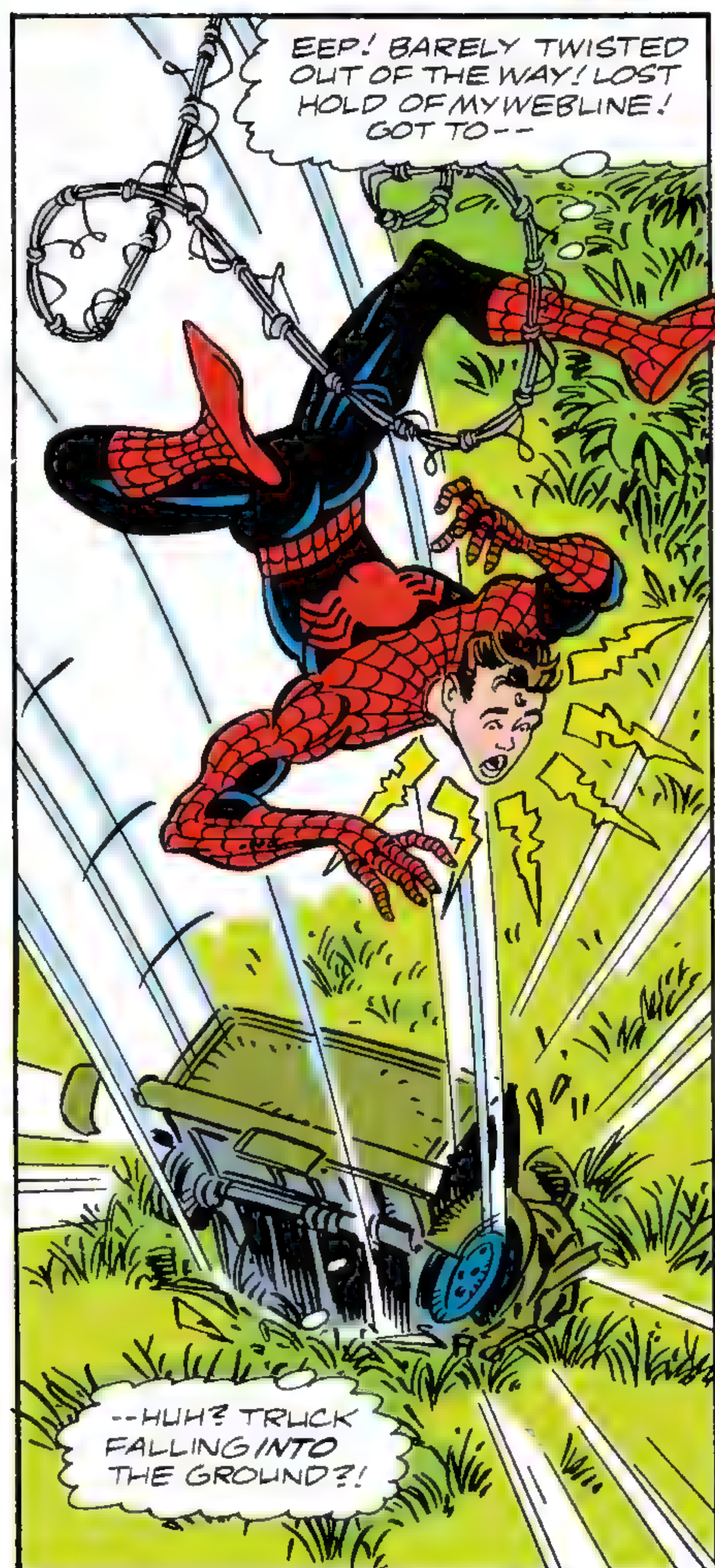


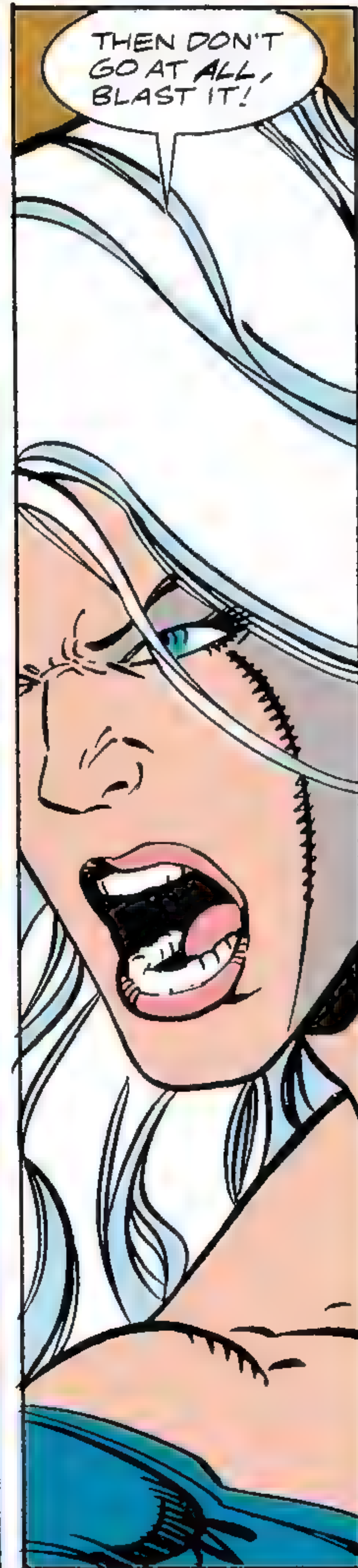
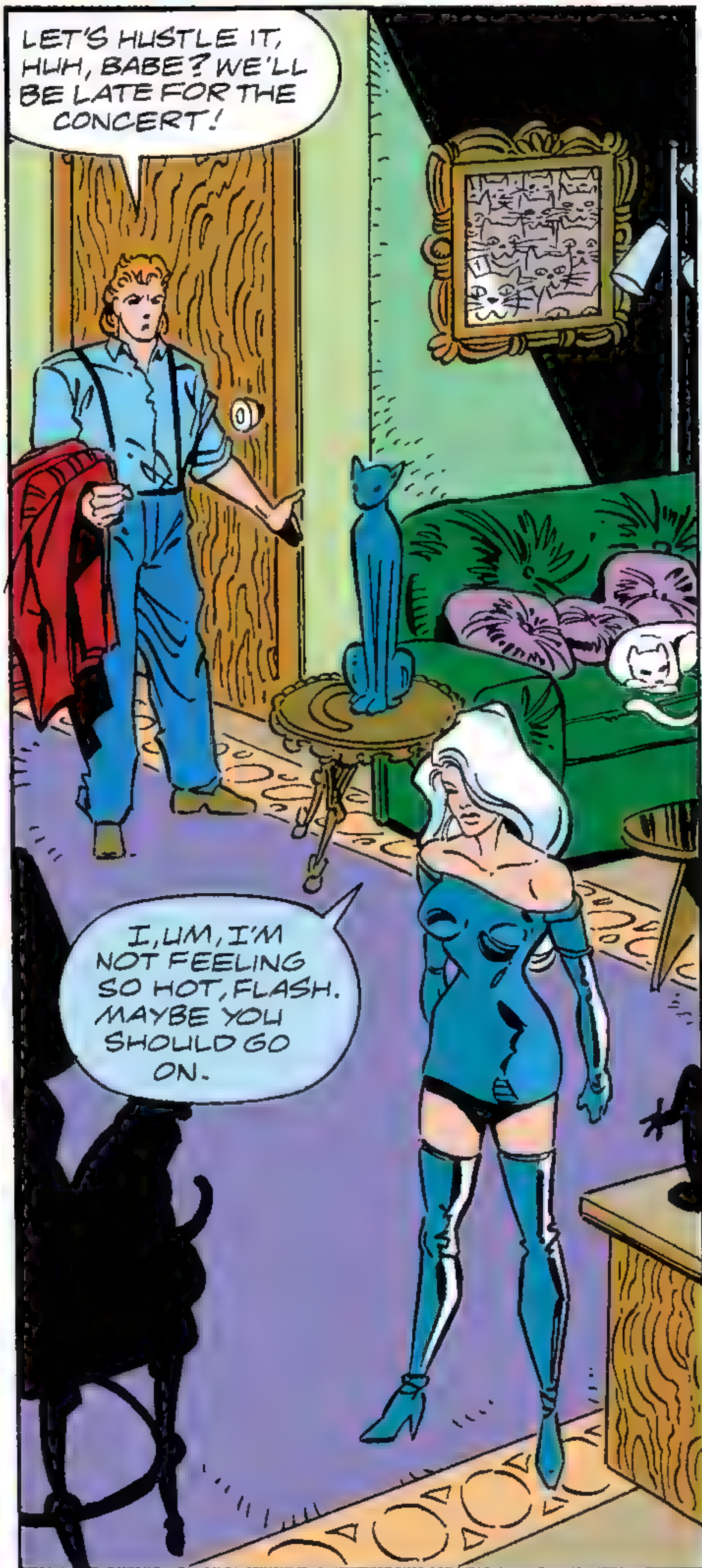
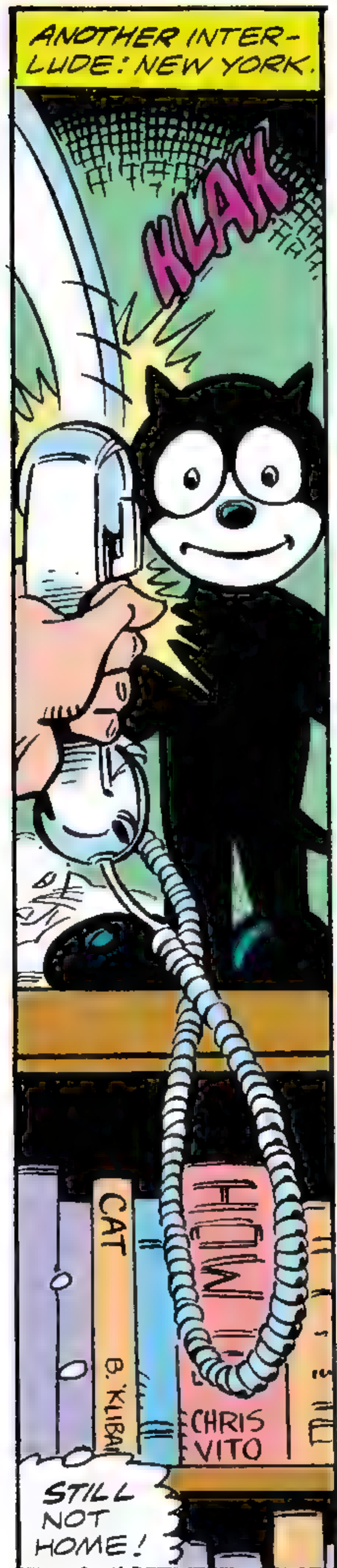
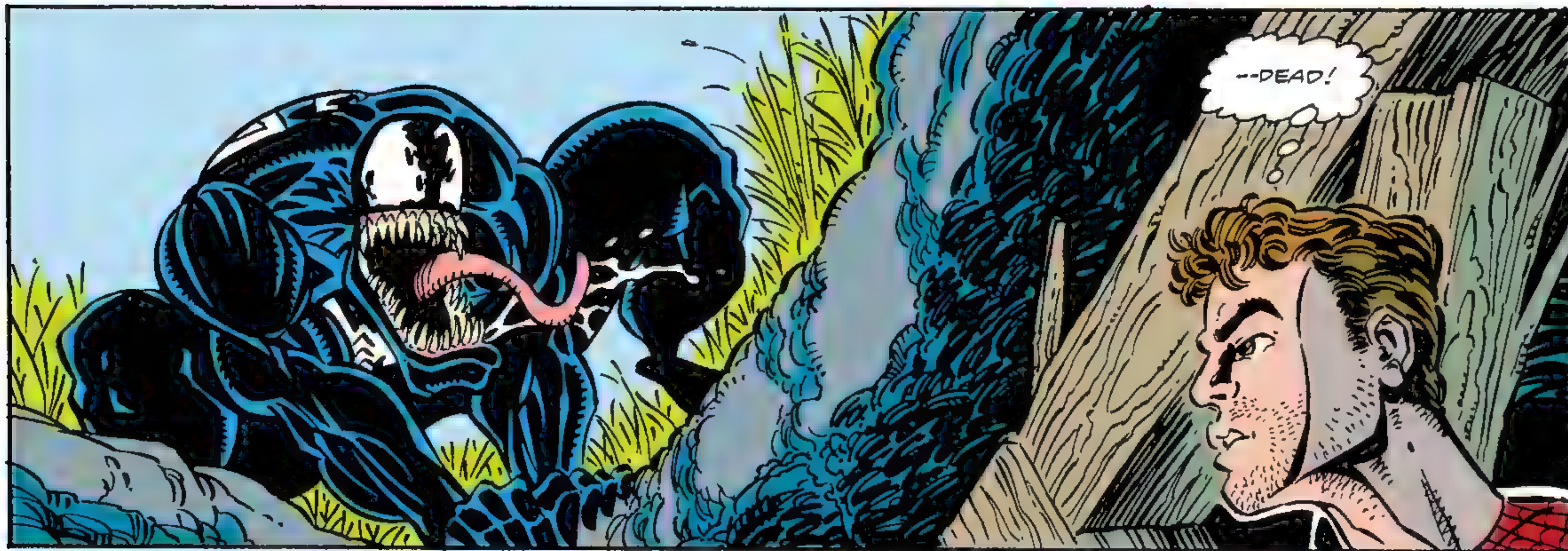
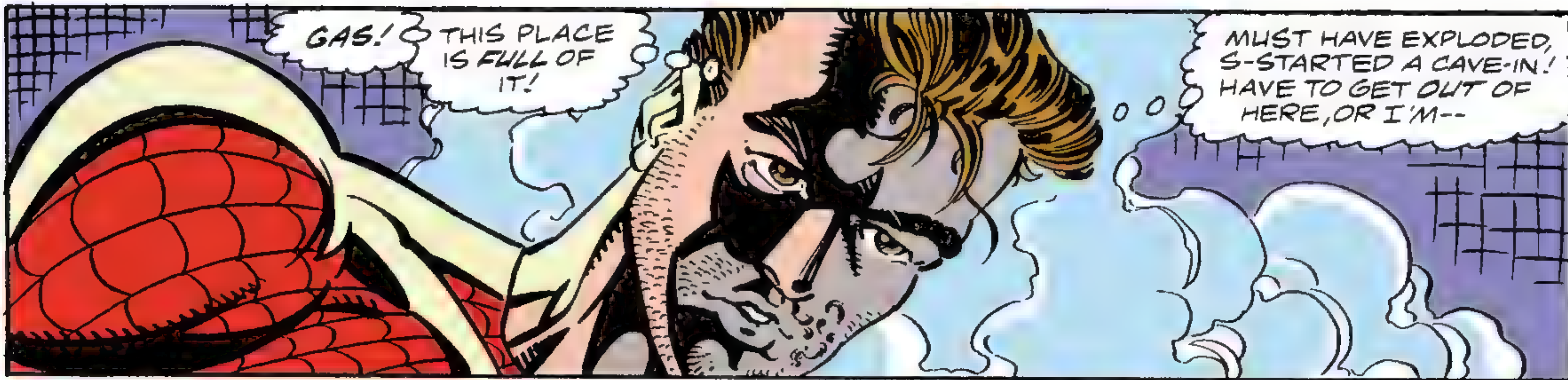


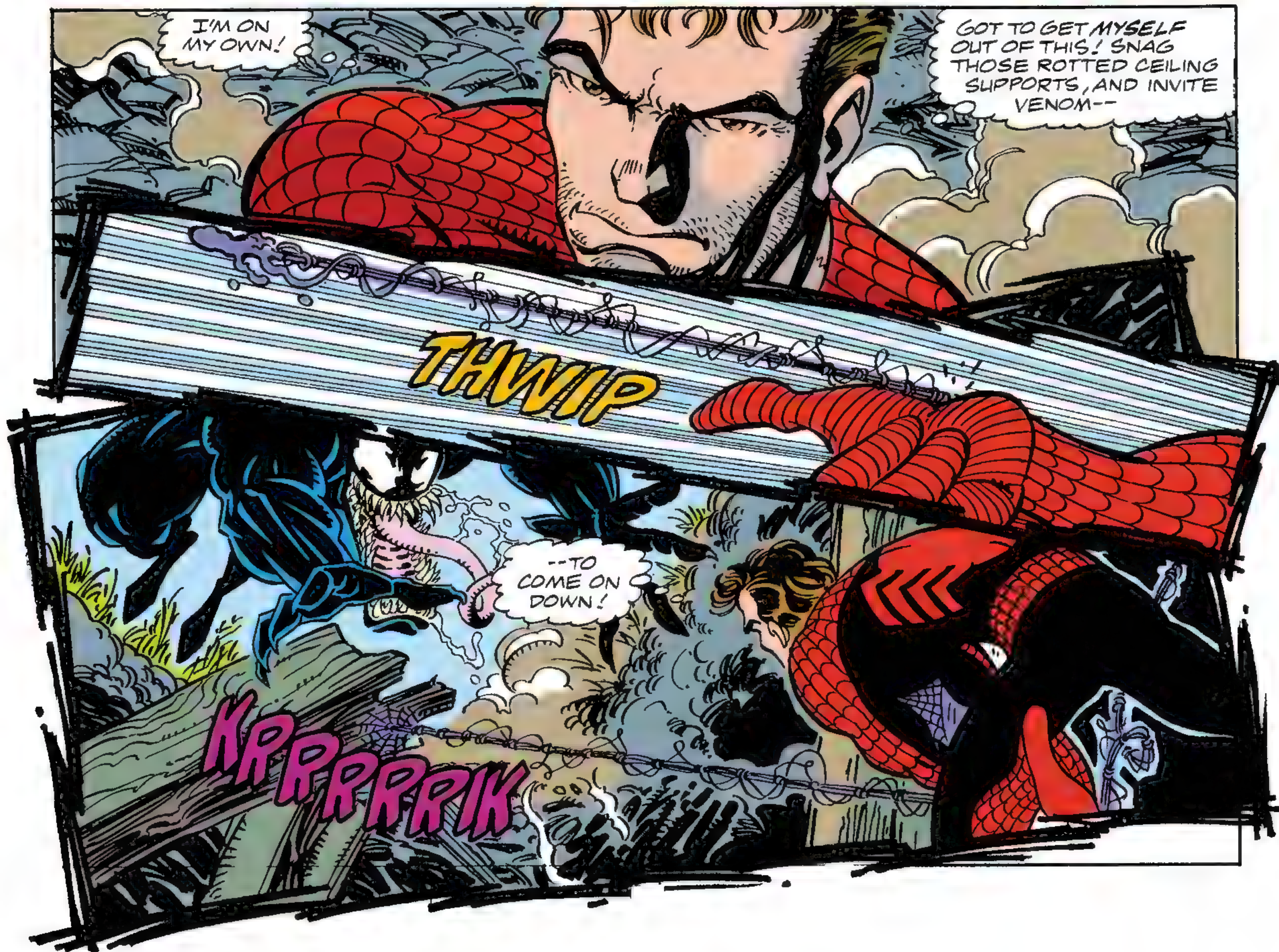
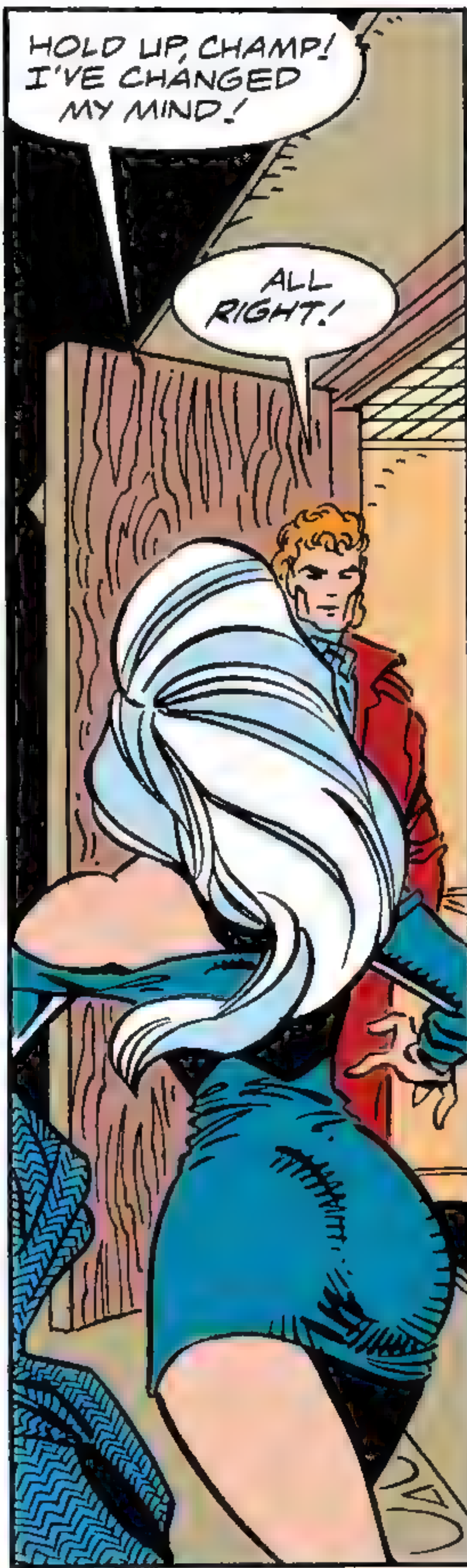


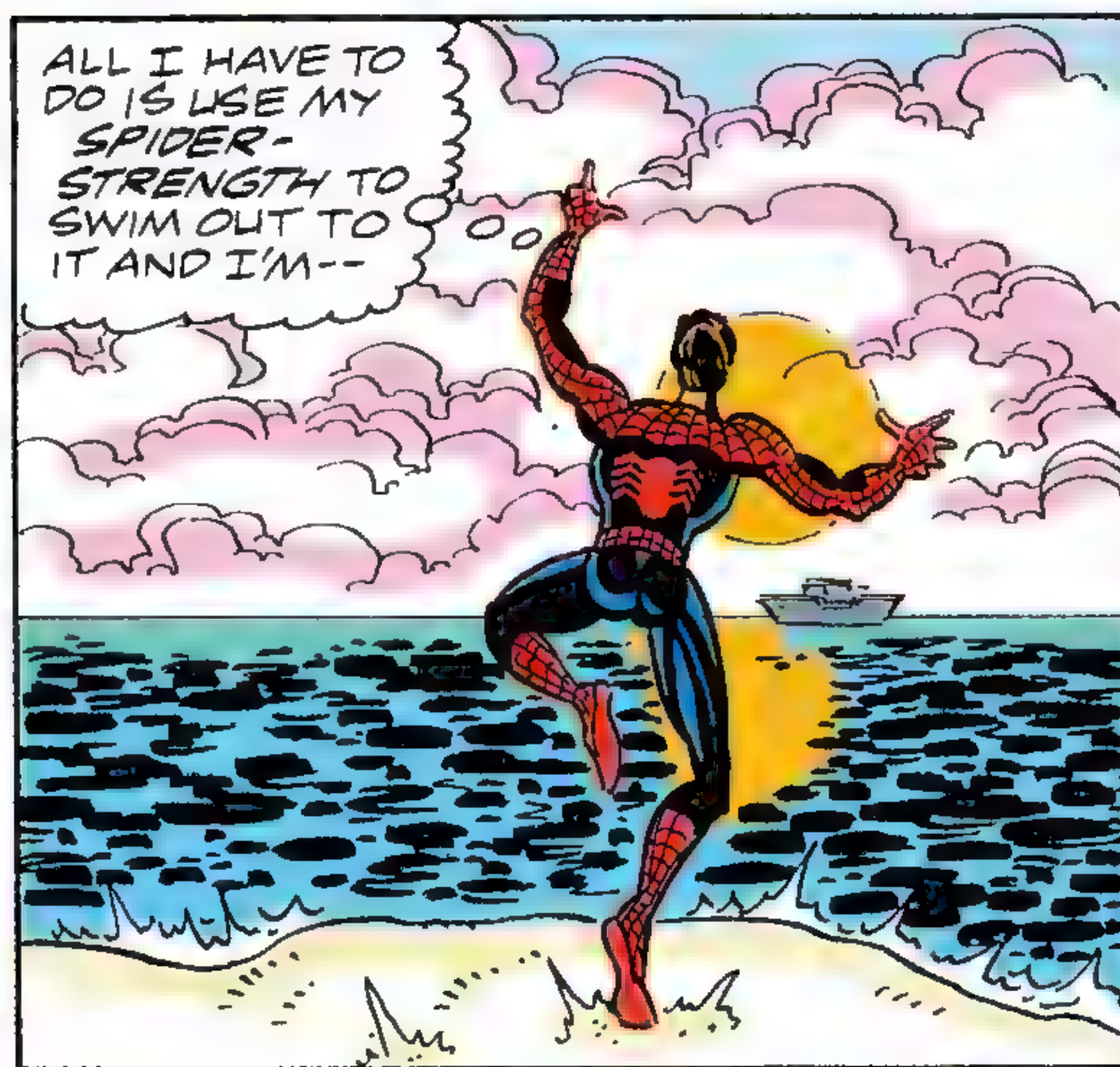
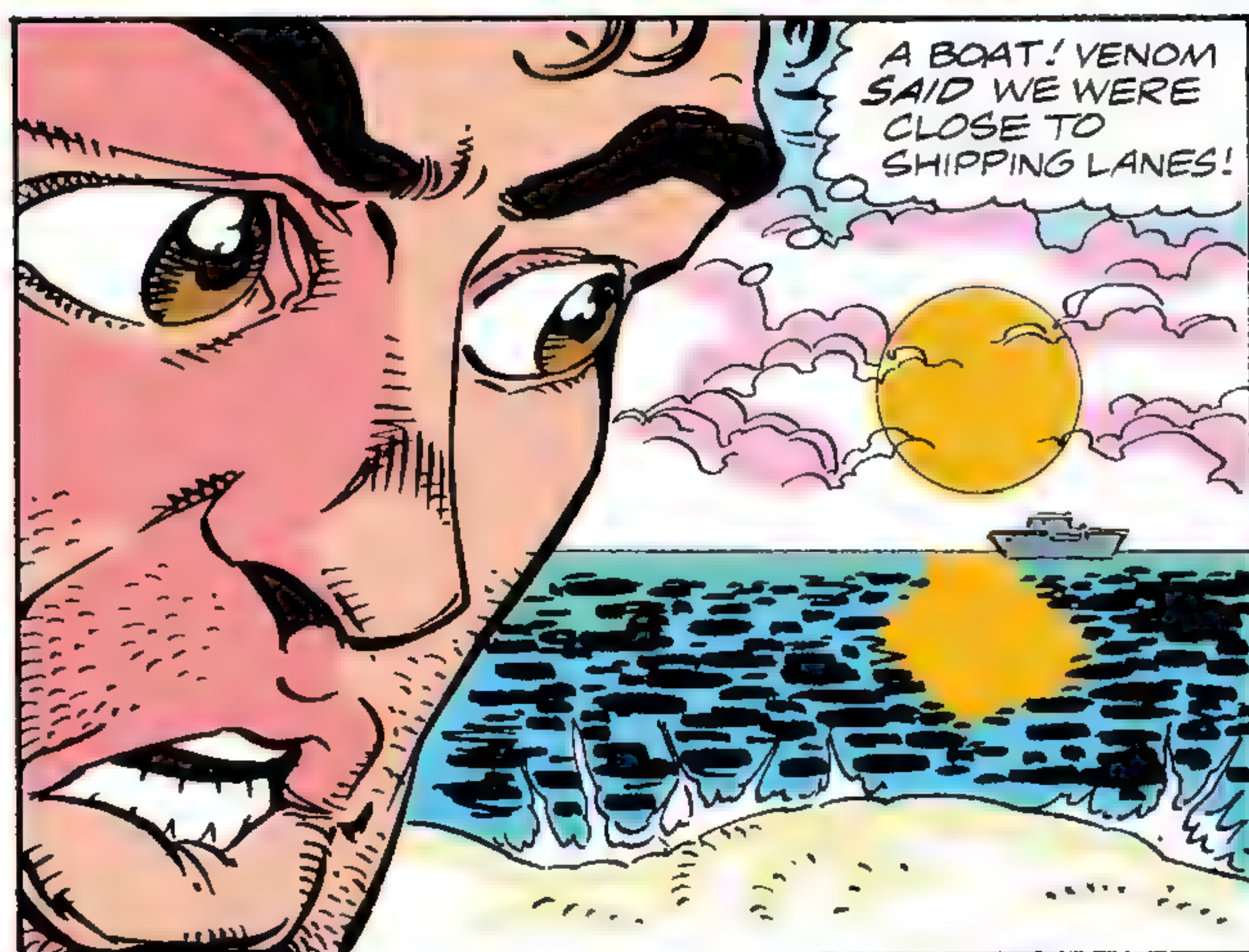
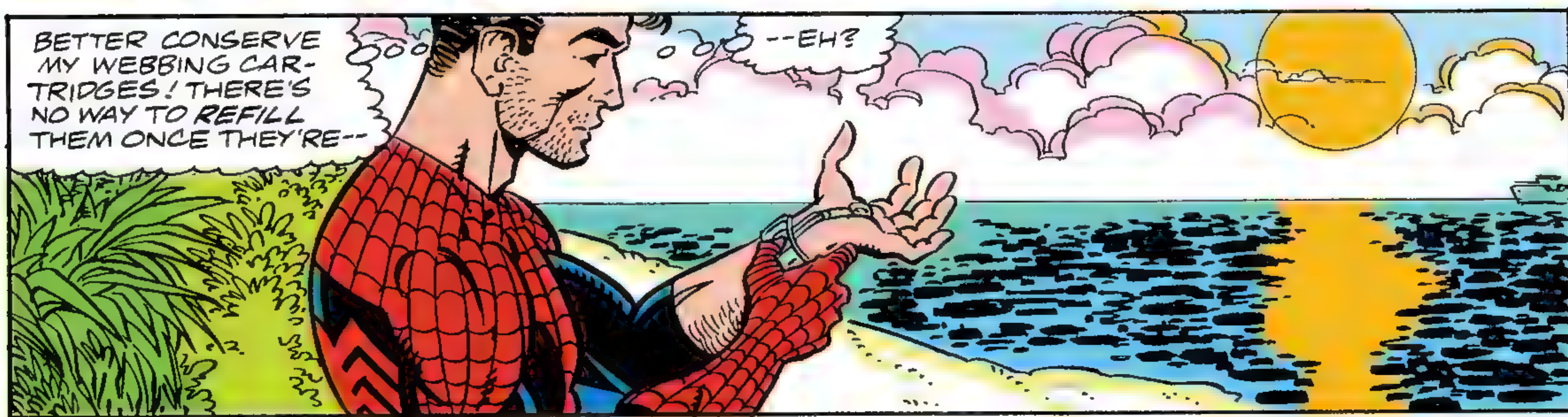
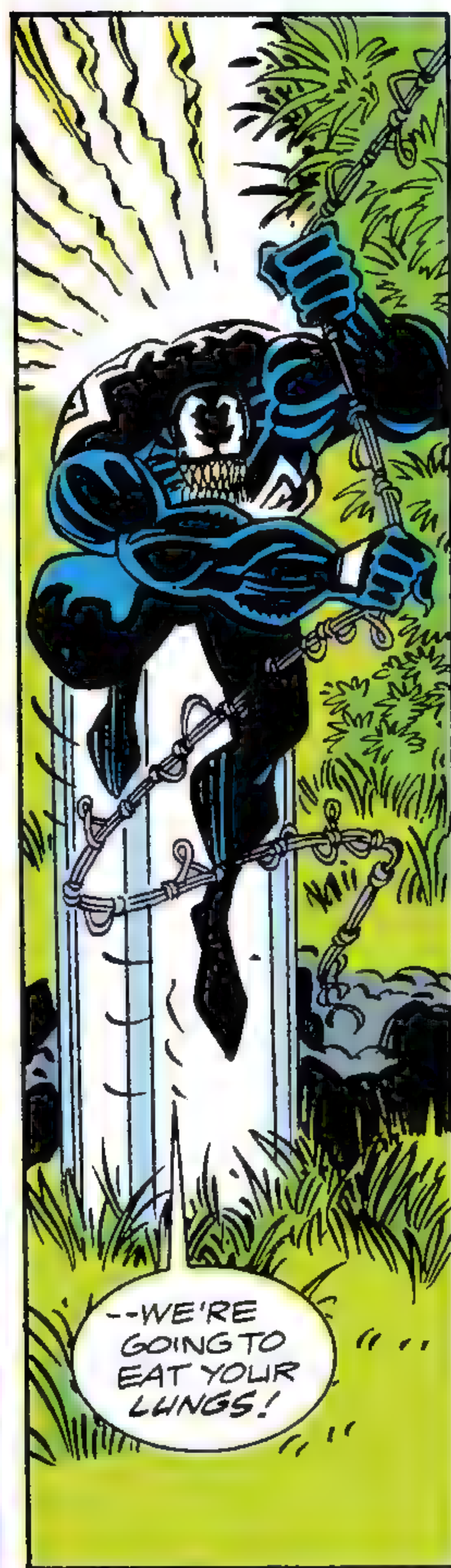


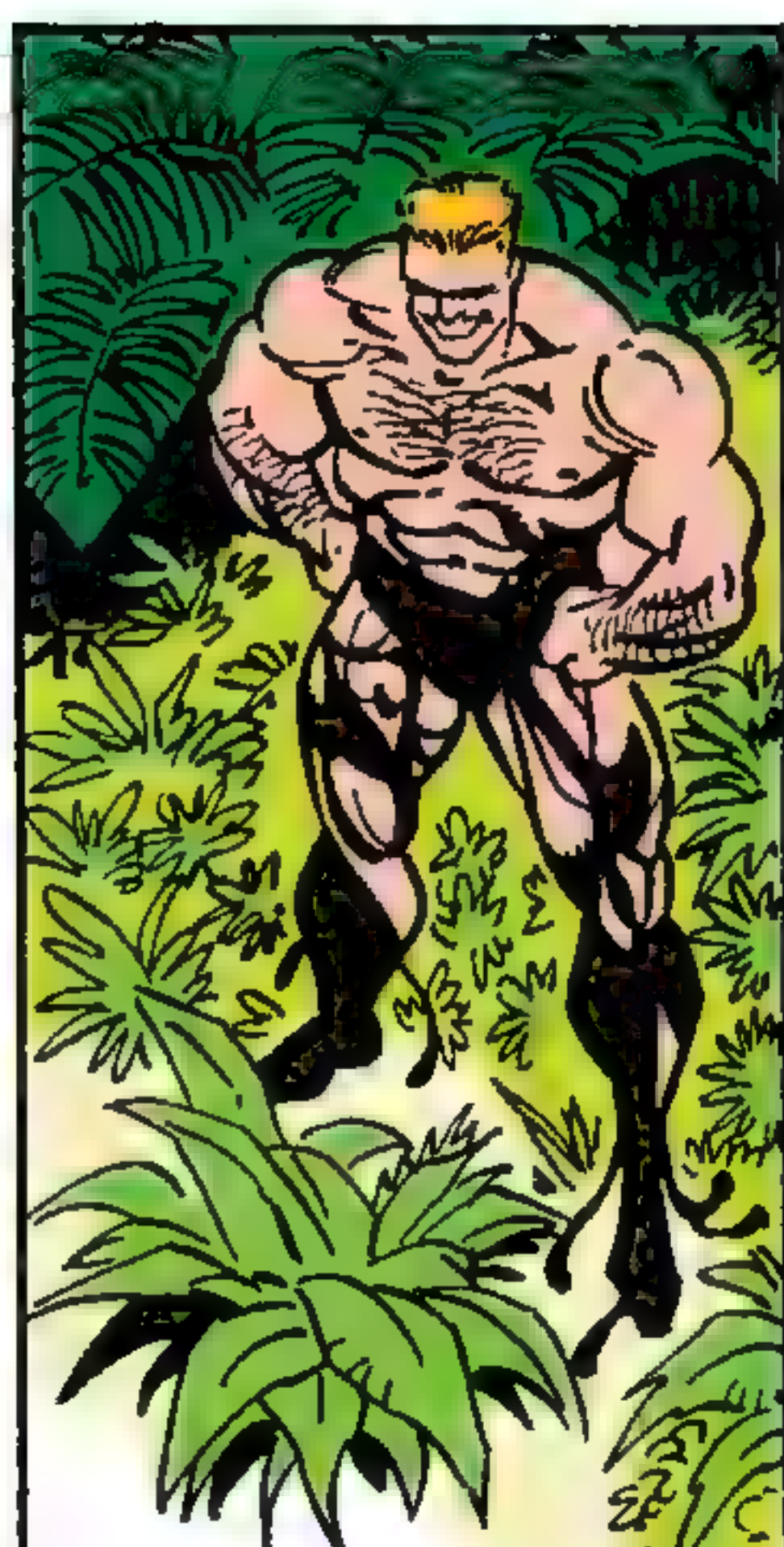
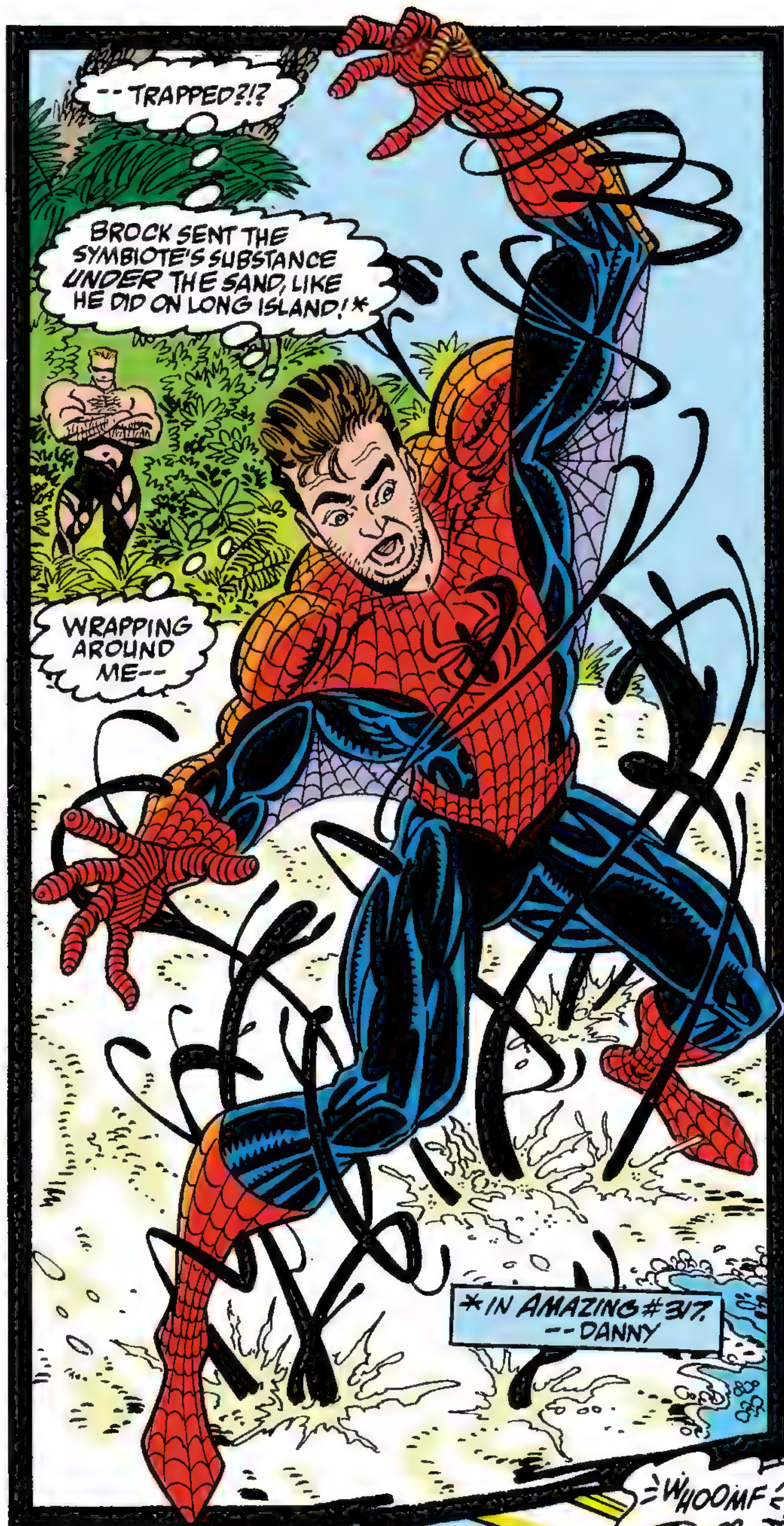




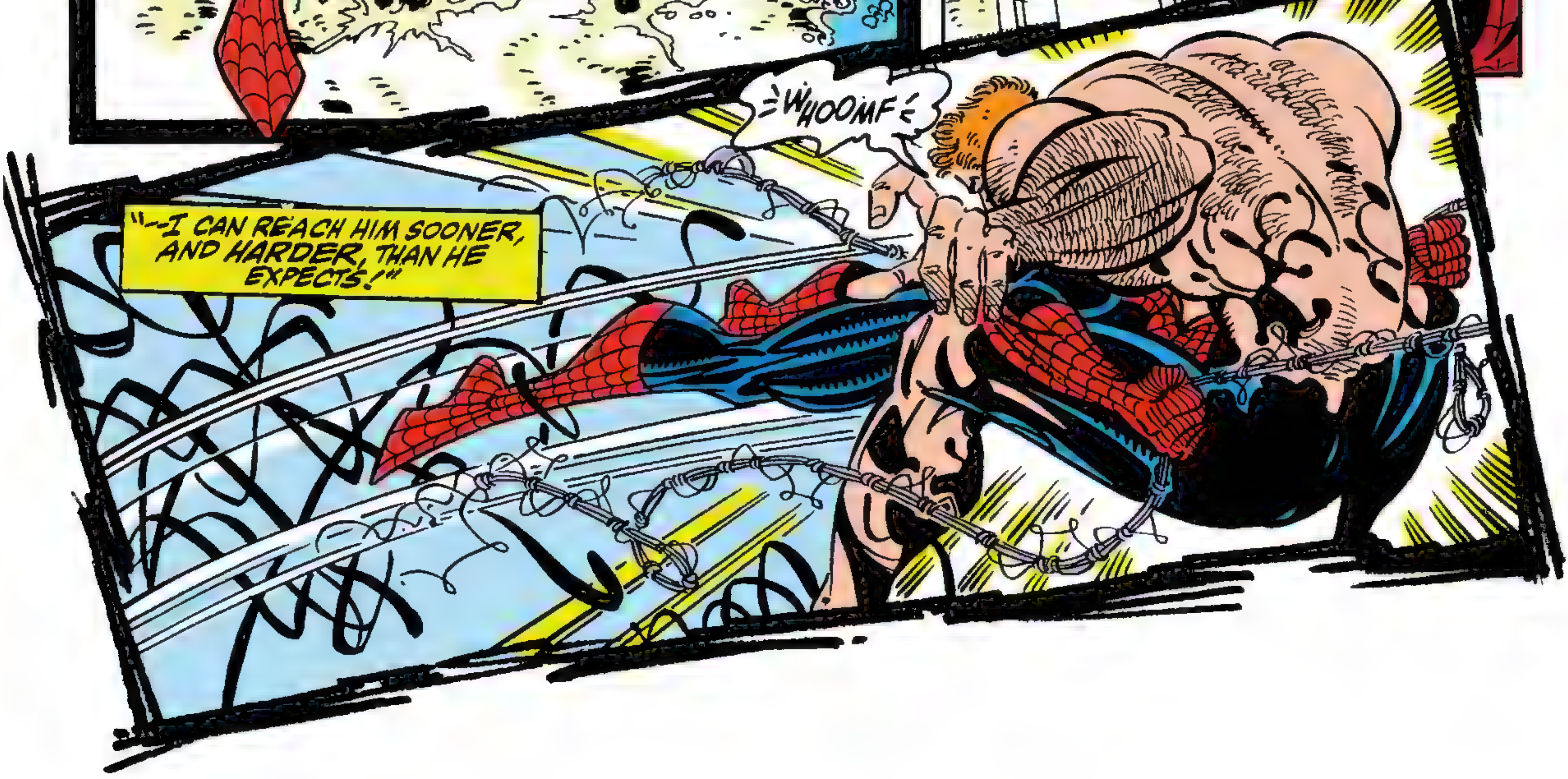
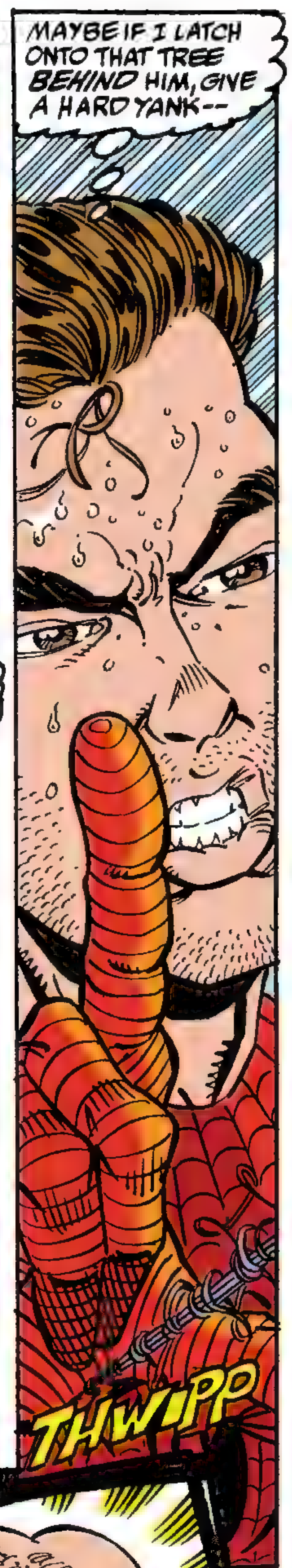
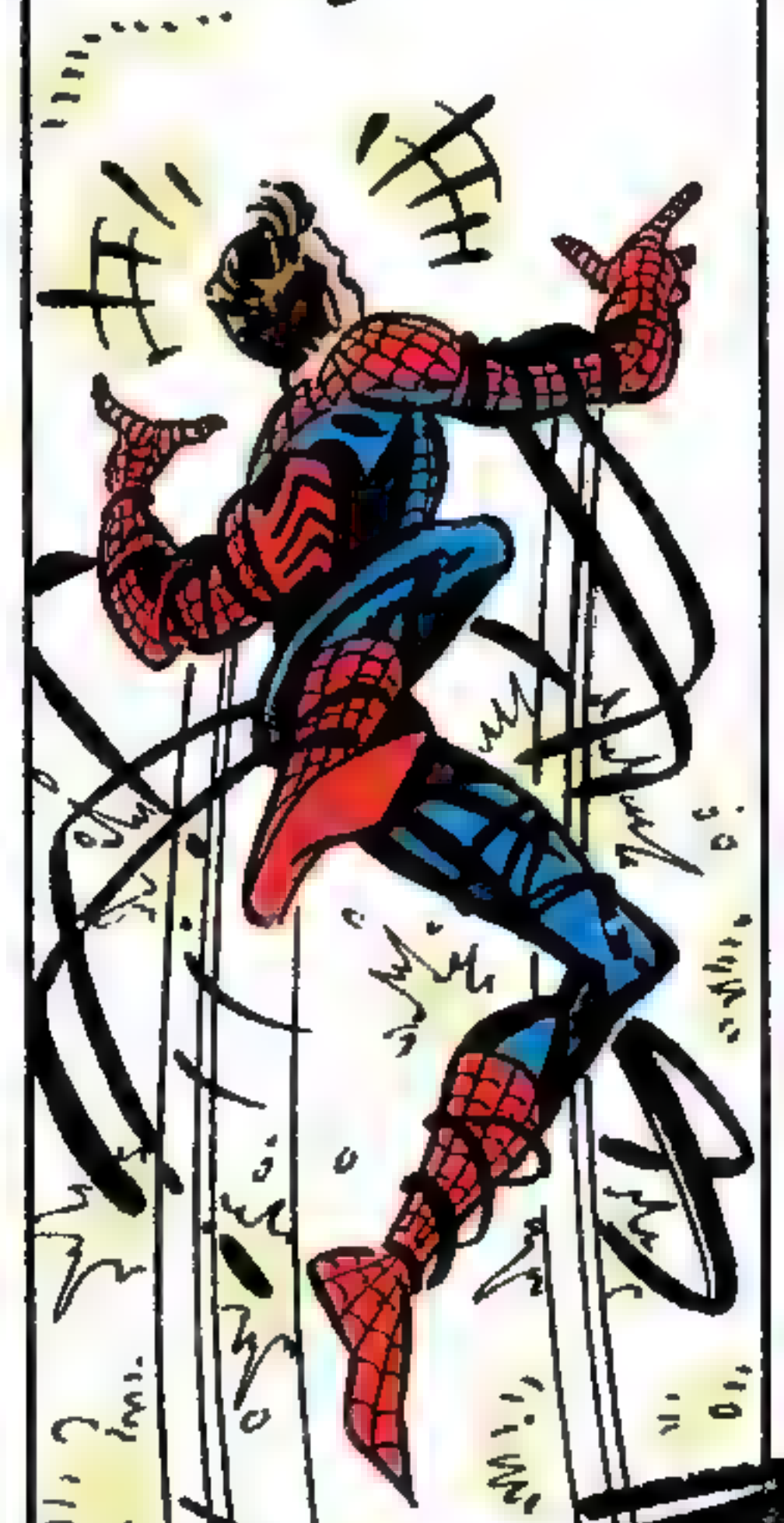


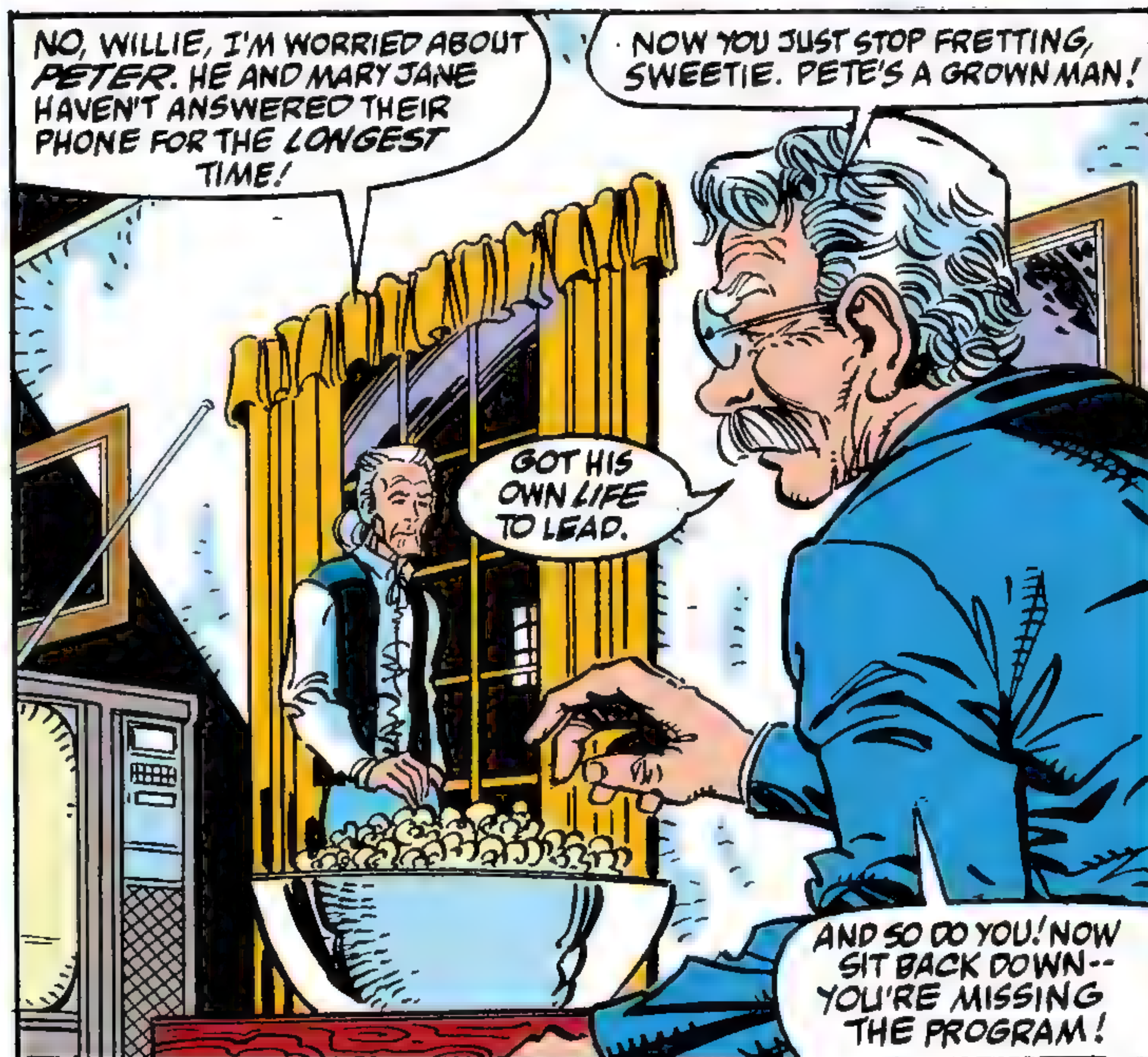
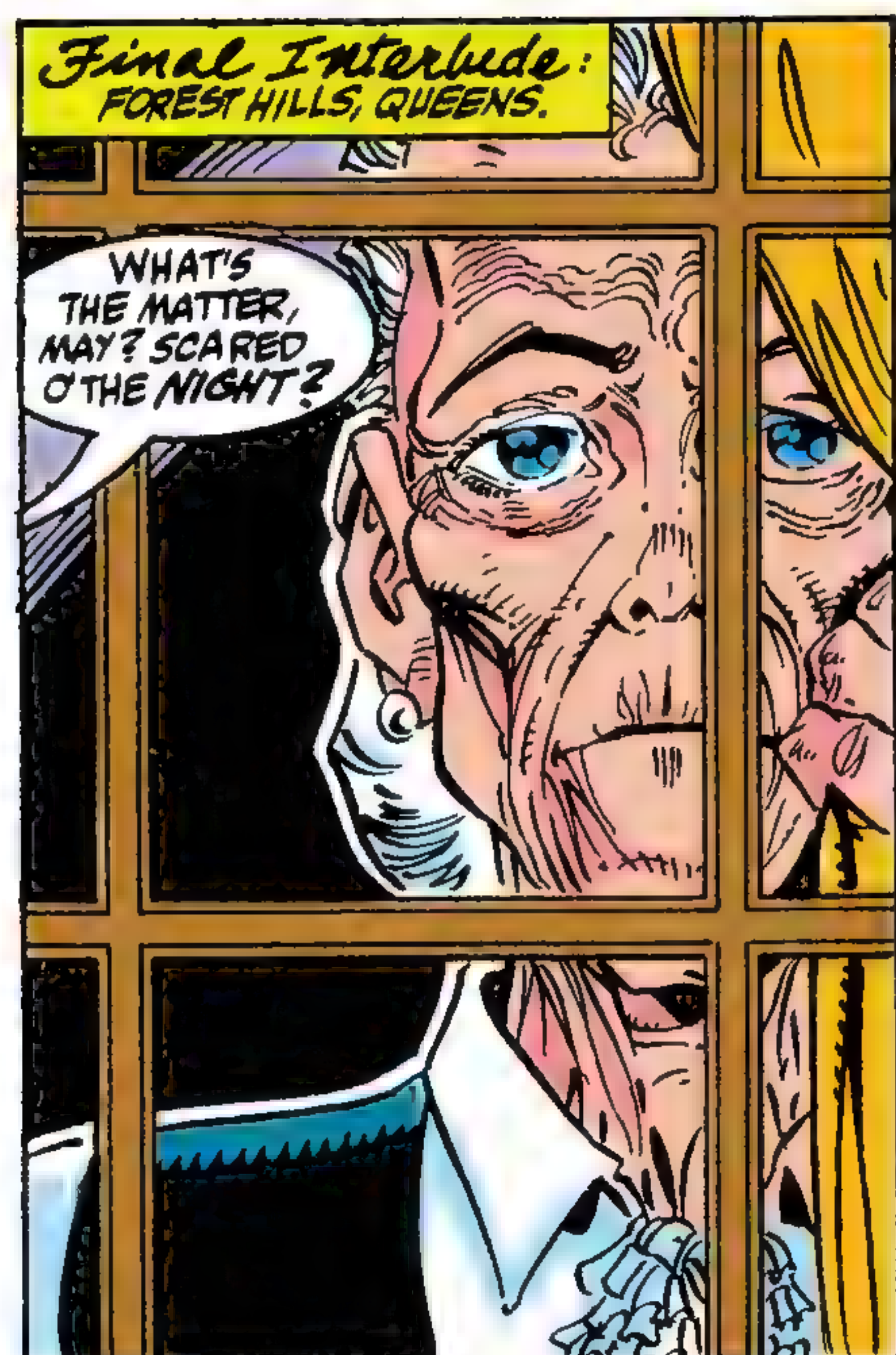
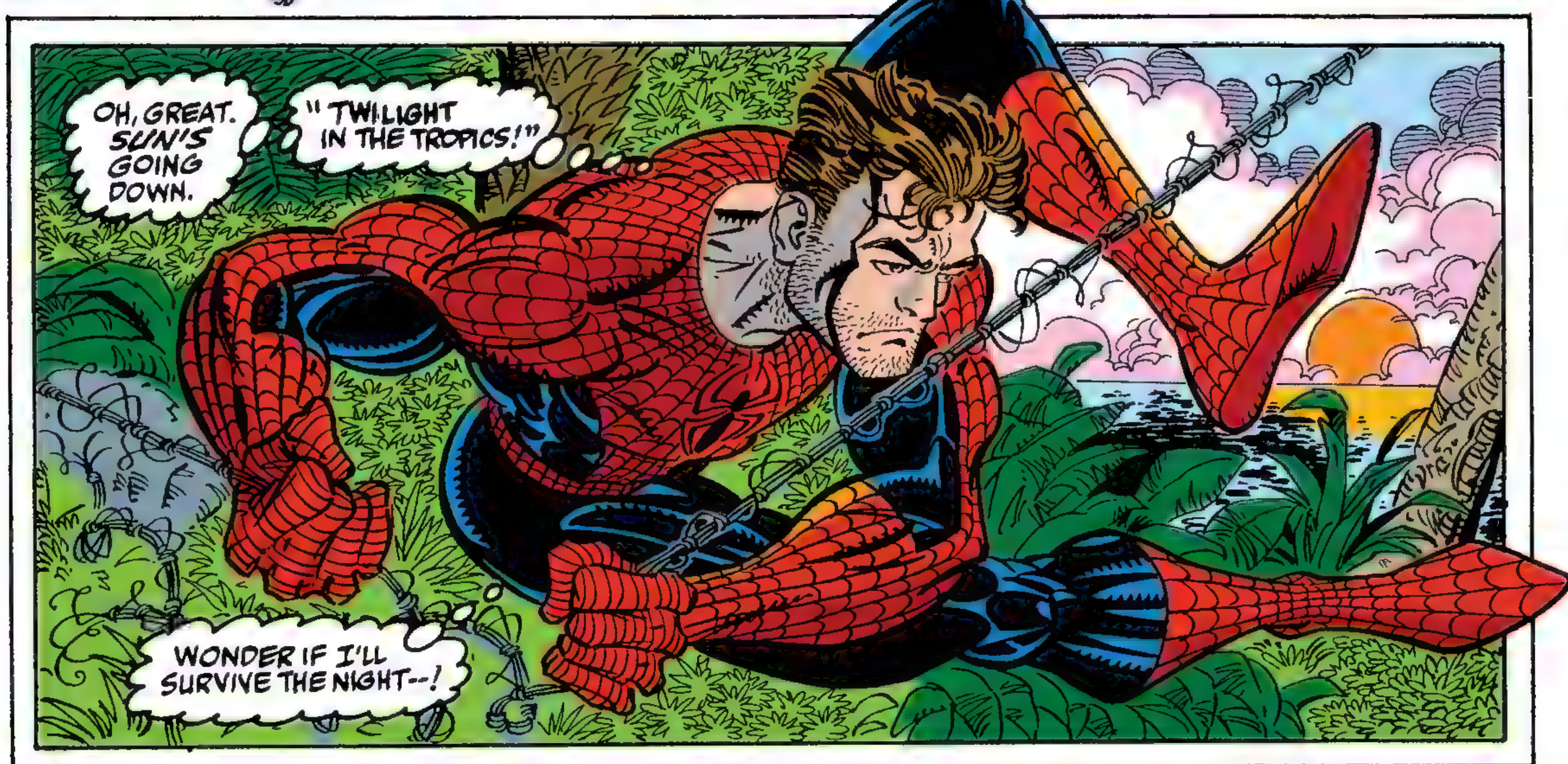
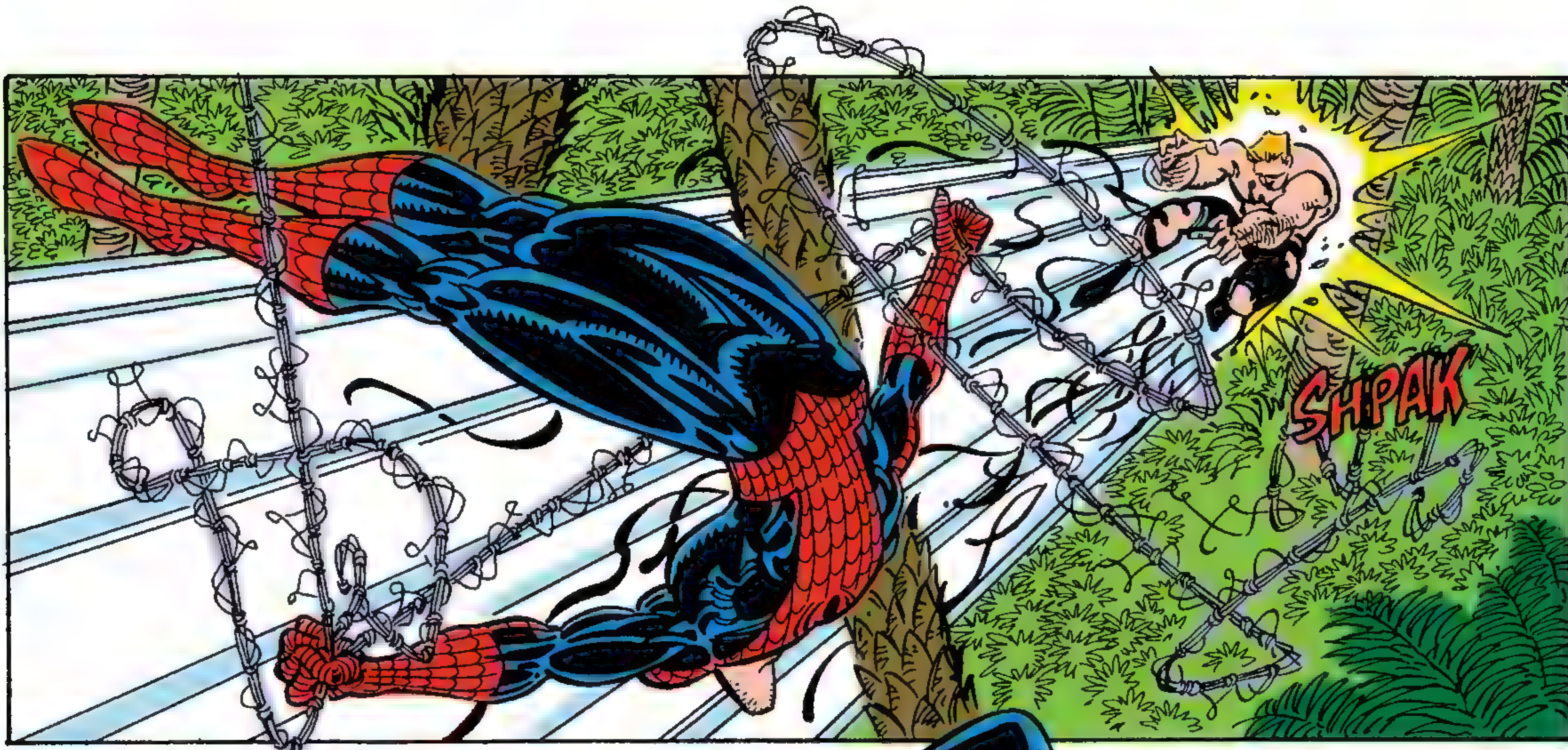


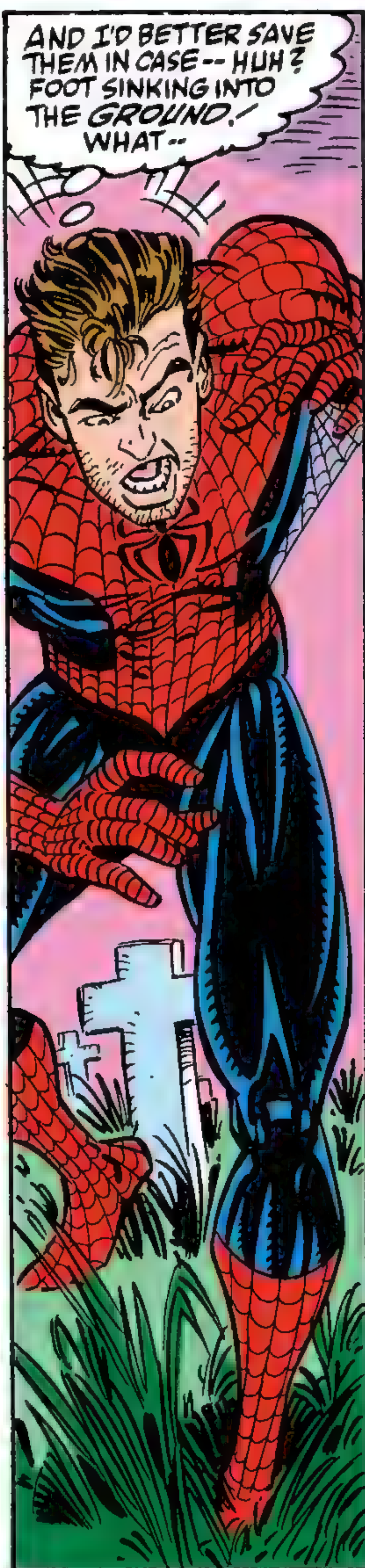
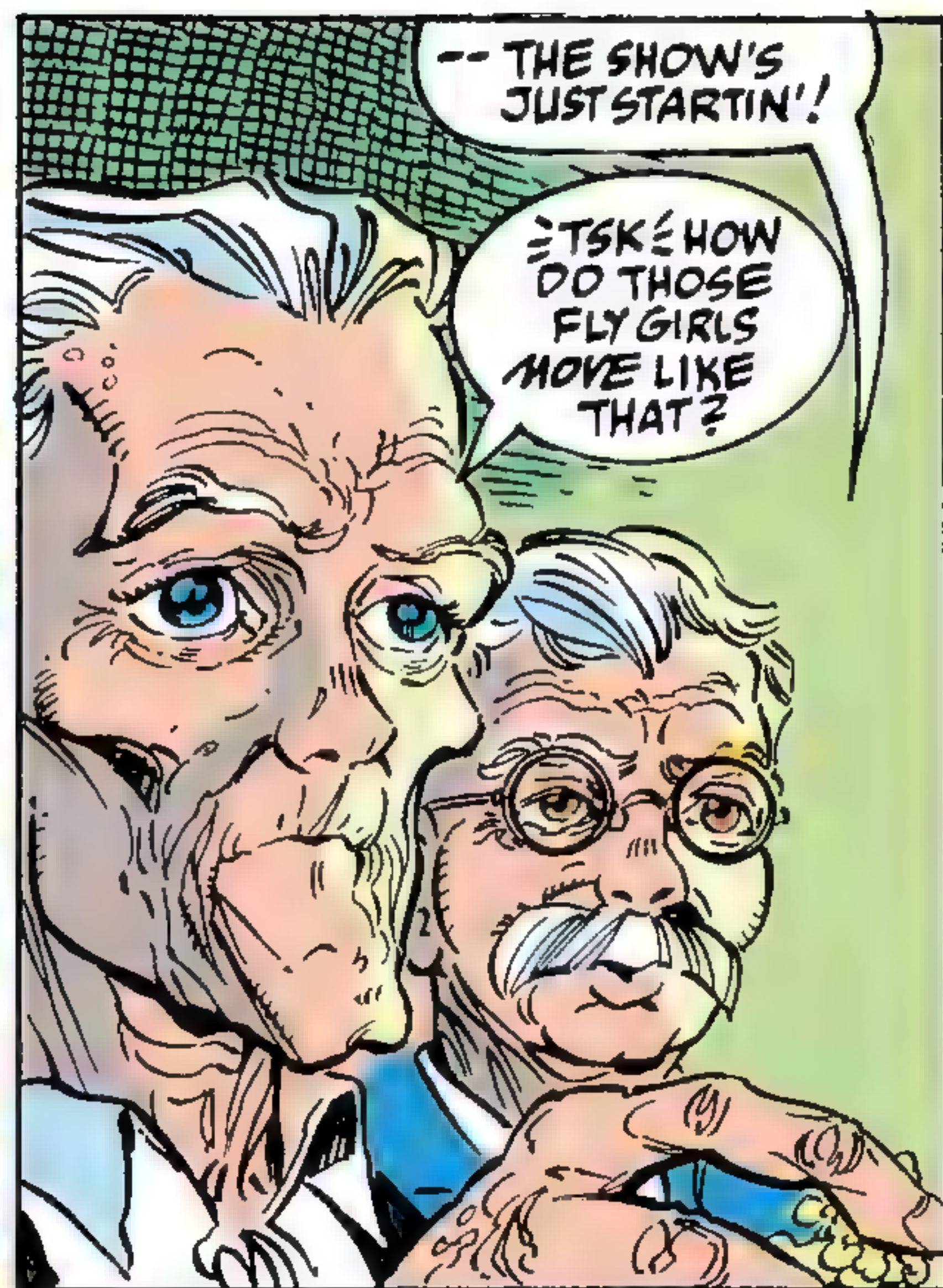




-- PULLING ME TOWARDS HIM! BUT... HE'S USED SO MUCH OF THE ALIEN, HIS HUMAN SIDE IS VULNERABLE!





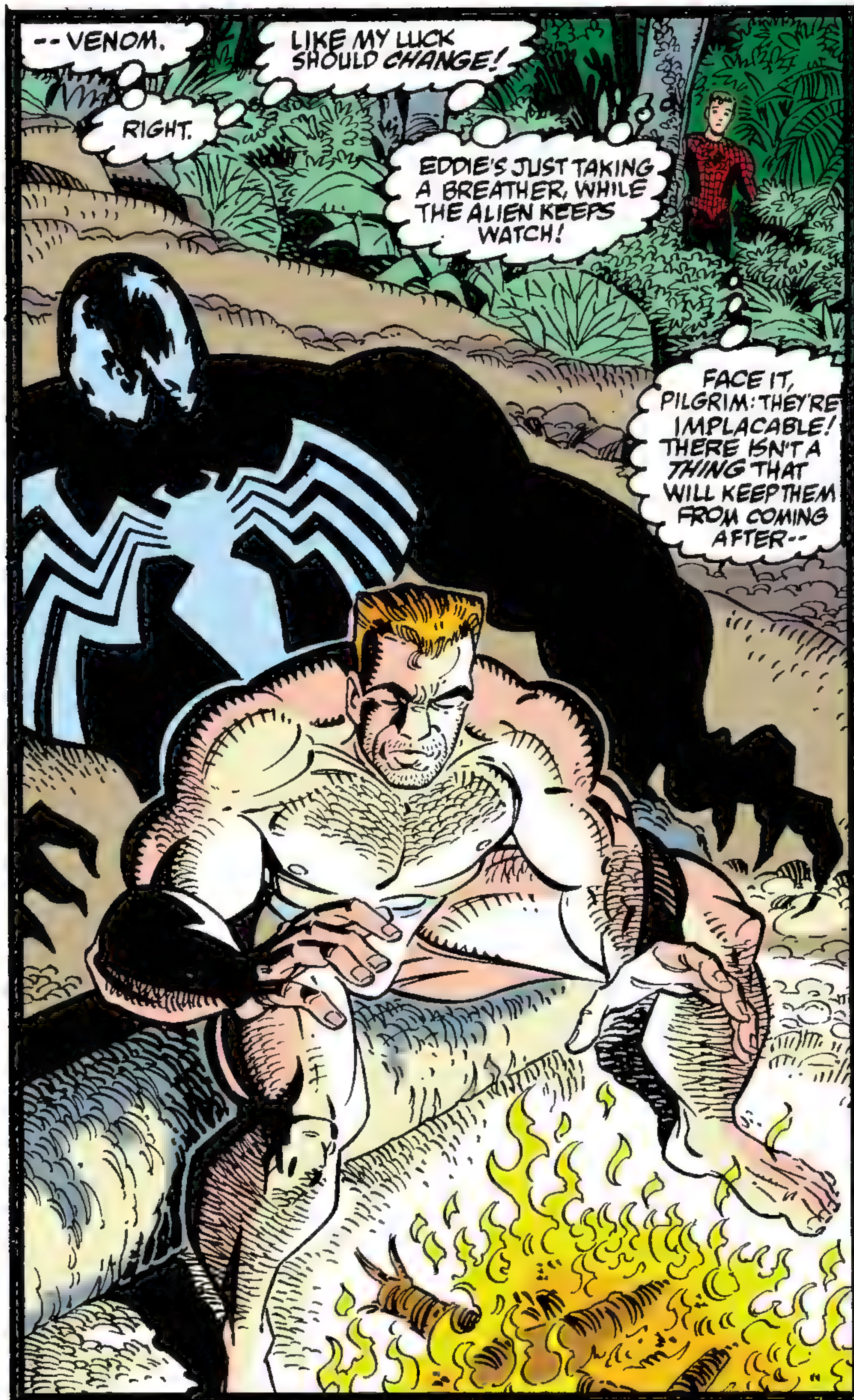




EASY, BOY! THIS ISN'T A STEPHEN KING NOVEL!

THAT LIGHT COULD BE YOUR SALVATION!

MIGHT MEAN THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE ON THIS ISLAND BESIDES--



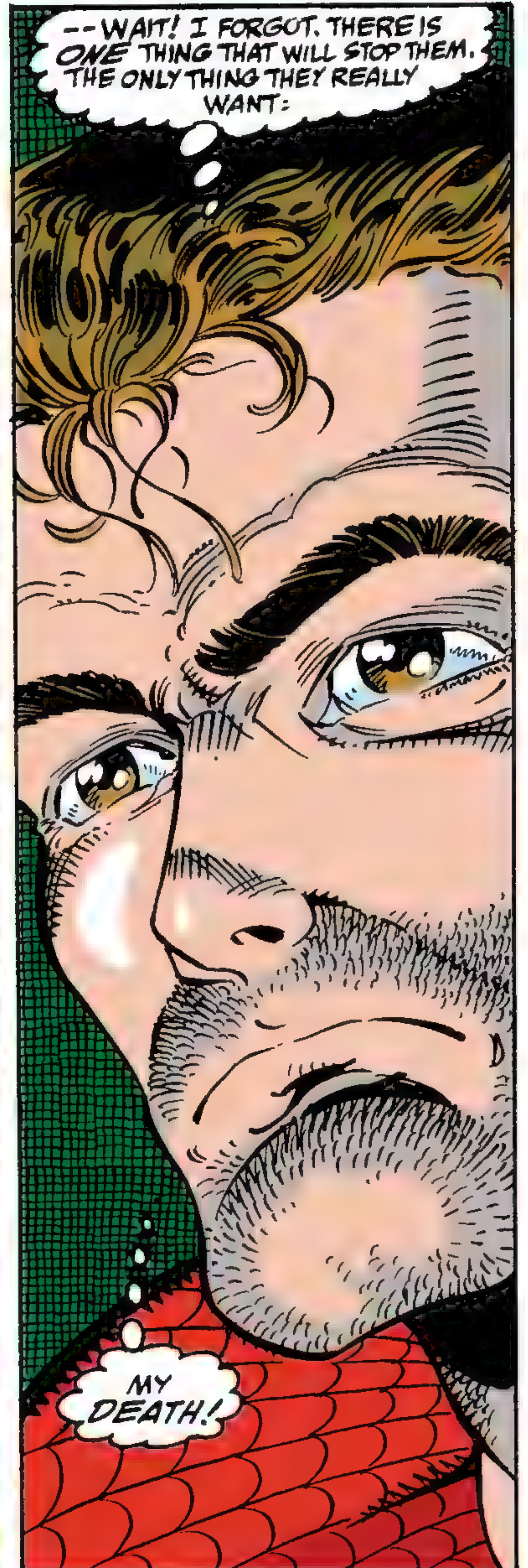
-- VENOM.

LIKE MY LUCK SHOULD CHANGE!

RIGHT.

EDDIE'S JUST TAKING A BREATHER, WHILE THE ALIEN KEEPS WATCH!

FACE IT, PILGRIM: THEY'RE IMPLACABLE! THERE ISN'T A THING THAT WILL KEEP THEM FROM COMING AFTER--



-- WAIT! I FORGOT. THERE IS ONE THING THAT WILL STOP THEM. THE ONLY THING THEY REALLY WANT:

MY DEATH!



AN HOUR PASSES... FILLED WITH PREPARATION... AND FOLLOWED BY--

WHU--?!

THWIP

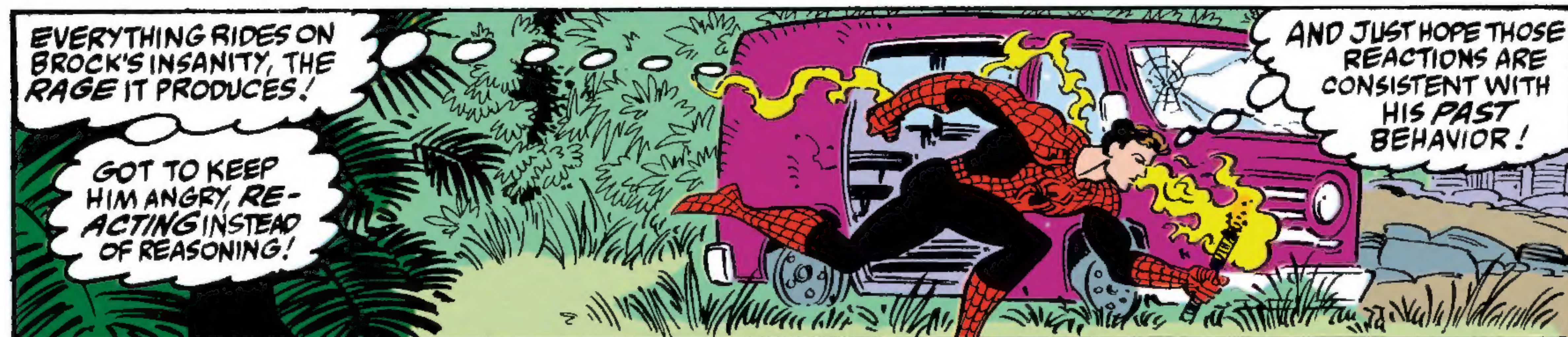


WALL-CRAWLER KNOWS
FIRE REPELS YOU!

PROBABLY THINKS TO USE IT
AGAINST US! THAT WILL BE THE
LAST THOUGHT HE HAS --



-- BEFORE
WE SQUISH HIS
BRAIN INTO
CRIMSON
GREASE!



EVERYTHING RIDES ON
BROCK'S INSANITY, THE
RAGE IT PRODUCES!

GOT TO KEEP
HIM ANGRY, RE-
ACTING INSTEAD
OF REASONING!

AND JUST HOPE THOSE
REACTIONS ARE
CONSISTENT WITH
HIS PAST
BEHAVIOR!



LAST OF MY
WEBBING! NOT
THAT IT MATTERS!
'CAUSE IF THIS
DOESN'T
WORK--

THWI-WIP

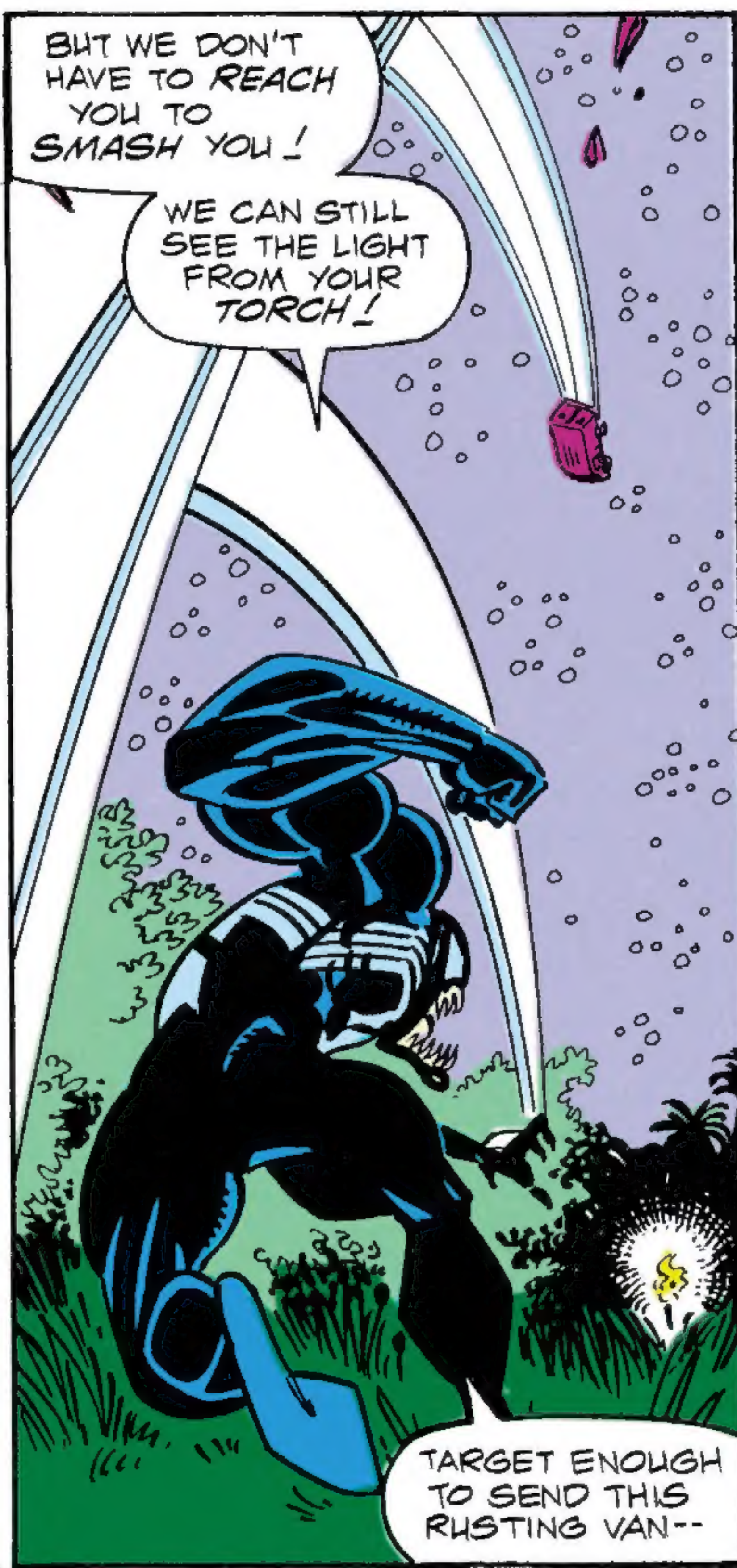
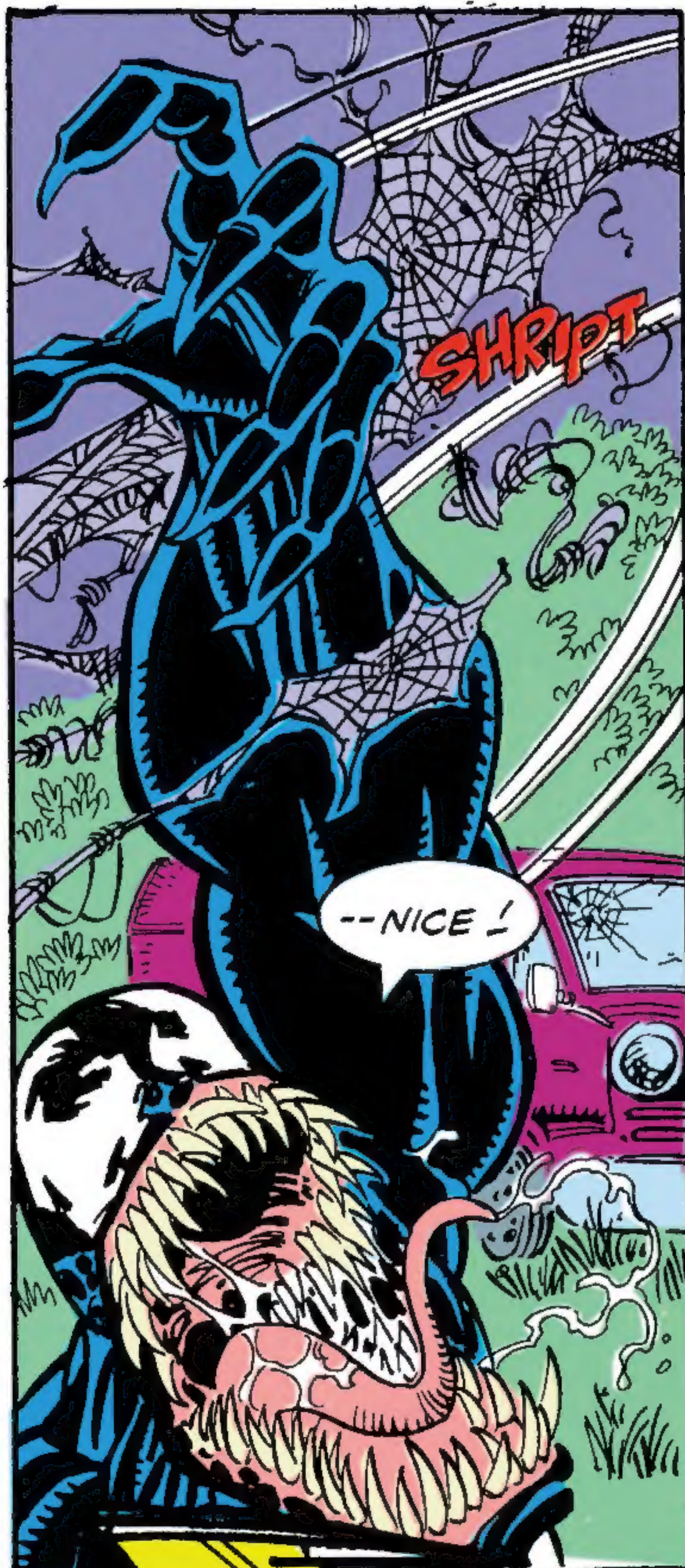
-- I WON'T
BE GETTING
A SECOND
CHANCE!



EEYEEGH!
STICKY!

HOLDING
US BACK!

THAT'S
NOT--



HIS GRIN IS GHASTLY, MADE ALL THE MORE SO BY A THICK DROOL OF SATISFACTION.

AN EMOTION THAT SWELLS,
EVEN AS, THE NEXT MORNING,
THE GAS-FED FLAMES
FINALLY FADE.

CHARRED BONES ... SCRAPS
OF COSTUME ... A MELTED
WEB-SHOOTER?

IT'S
TRUE!

SWEET
PROVIDENCE,
WE DID
IT!

ALAS, SPIDER-
MAN, BANE OF
OUR EXISTENCE...

...YOU'RE DEAD,
YOU SON OF A
MONKEY!

HA HA HA
HA HA HA!

ANOTHER SHIP!
'BOUT TIME!
BEEN TREADING
WATER FOR
HOURS!

TOSSED MY COSTUME
AND WEB-SHOOTERS
INTO THAT MINE CRATER,
THEN WEDGED THE TORCH
IN A BRANCH ABOVE IT!

VENOM TOOK THE
BAIT, AND THAT
VAN I PLANTED!
FOR ONCE--

--HIS MADNESS
WORKED FOR
ME!

THE MADNESS IS
OVER, NO LONGER
IS THERE A
REASON FOR
VENOM TO EXIST!

SHALL WE
REMAIN
HERE, THEN?

WE HAVE
FOOD, WATER--
BLESSED
PEACE.

WHY NOT
STAY? BE
HAPPY?

≥ SIGH ≥ WHAT A
WONDERFUL
FEELING IT
IS...

"... TO BE
FREE!"

NEXT THE AVENGERS & THE SANDMAN!



Shadowcat

